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I DREAM'D A DREAM.

BY W. W. M.

I dream'd a dream of an old, old love,
And sweet was that dream to me,
For it brought me the time of my early prime,
And life as it used to be.
We walk'd once more to the trysting-place,
'Neath the blue of the summer skies,
In the ways of my dream, by the old mill-stream,
With the light of young love in our eyes;
And again, in the dark pine woods we stray'd,
Away from the noontide heat,
Where only the thrush broke the silent hush,
As I lay at my darling's feet!

I dream'd a dream of an old, old love,
And sweet was that dream of bliss,
For it brought me a hand from the spirit-land,
And the touch of the spirit kiss.
A sense of happiness pure and strange
Ass dove on my bosom lay:
With the breath of a wing, with an odor of Spring,
My sorrow had pass'd away.
So, I know my old love as an angel lives
Beyond where the pale stars shine;
That she came from above on a mission of love,
To bring peace to this soul of mine.

ARDEN COURT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY MARGERIE."

CHAPTER VI.

"JASPER, my boy two gentlemen are in the parlor. Dr. Vernon told me to call you down—they want to see you," said Lewis Delany, on entering the room of one of his composers at Harrow on a fine Summer afternoon.

The youth addressed, a handsome, manly lad of sixteen years, tossed his book on the floor, sprang to his feet, gave a glance in the mirror, and after adjusting his collar, and running his fingers through his hair, left the room.

"Who the deuce can they be?" he murmured, as he bounded down the staircase. He opened the door of the sitting-room with a flush of anxiety. His whole life had been sufficiently mysterious to justify a more than common interest in any fresh event.

Jasper Talbot was indeed a lonely waif on the world's stand, so far as relatives or blood relations were concerned. All that he knew of himself was that he was the ward of a gentleman who had been abroad nearly ever since his own entrance at Harrow, and that both this gentleman and the woman whom he considered as his nurse were strictly reticent as to any of the details of his birth or history.

The first face that met his eyes on entering the room deepened the crimson on his bronze cheeks. A tall, dark-eyed man of about thirty-five advanced to meet him with outstretched hands.

"Well, Jasper, my lad, how are you?" he said.

"Mr. Fleming!" exclaimed Jasper, his face brightening with surprise and delight. "What brings you here? I thought you were in Italy."

A strange, cynical smile came over Hugh Fleming's features as he replied, "I arrived only last week, Jasper, so I have lost no time in coming to you. Permit me to introduce you to one of my most intimate friends—indeed relatives. I have told him so much about you that his interest it quite fatherly. Glanville, this is my ward, Jasper Talbot. Jasper, this is my cousin, Mr. Glanville. Come, give him your hand."

Jasper obeyed, and Mr. Glanville met the outstretched hand with one that trembled, and the color in his face changed as he uttered some common-place, half-inaudible words of greeting. Then he retired again to the window, though from time to time Jasper caught the earnest glance of his eyes, which somehow seemed strangely familiar to him. For a minute he tried to recall whether he had ever met that face before. Confused memories seemed to rush on his brain; but he could only believe they were phantasms which the sight of his guardian conjured up. Starting suddenly he again turned to Hugh Fleming.

"Then you have not been long in England, sir?" said he.

"No, only a few days," was the reply. "Business kept me in Southampton, and then I ran down to the West of England; and as soon as I could snatch a day I came here to give you a surprise. But I should scarcely have known you. You have grown such a tall, manly fellow, I should take you for eighteen at least."

"I am seventeen, sir," he replied; "at least, I believe so."

"Well," said Mr. Fleming, "three years have changed you wonderfully. Three more will make a man of you. Glanville," he said, suddenly turning to the gentleman, who was still standing at the window, with a look of quick intelligence, "I think you've got a son about this young man's age. Is he at all like this fine fellow here?"

Reginald Glanville's face paled. An almost imploring look glanced from his eyes as they turned from Hugh to Jasper. Then he replied in a firm, low voice, "I think he would have been, Fleming; but, as you know, I lost him long since."

Hugh bowed his head. Jasper looked sympathizingly on the working features of the stranger, and he turned to his guardian.

"They do take me to be full eighteen, sir; but, according to your data, I am only be a year less," he said, questioningly.

Indeed, the tall, well-knit form, the open, merry face and intellectual forehead, with his frank manliness of deportment, gave at least two years to Jasper's apparent age.

"Well, Jasper," resumed Mr. Fleming, "I suppose that you are about through your course here, are you not? I think your last letter reached me in Paris, and you said you were nearly head of the school."

"Yes, sir, I have been captain these six months," replied Jasper. "I can of course remain another term or another year if you wish it; but most of the head division of the sixth form leave this vacation, and I think I would rather leave with them. I thought when term was up I had better matriculate at Cambridge; I am anxious to get forward, sir, as you say I must depend on myself."

"Very right," said Mr. Fleming. "If you think you can pass the examination, go by all means. You are tired of school, I dare say. You certainly seem fit for college, though a year too young, according to all rules. You seem anxious to see life, and you'll see plenty of it at Cambridge. Well, you shall go at the Autumn term. Better begin early. Don't you agree with me, Glanville?"

"Oh yes, you know we generally agree," replied Glanville, with a quick, short laugh. "Let your charge see life by all means. College life, and in a town like Cambridge, is a good school for youth."

Jasper looked at the speaker. He doubted whether the latter words were uttered in good faith, or with a covert meaning; but he read nothing on his impassive face.

"I have not seen the term bills for this half year, Jasper," said Mr. Fleming. "Let me see how your own cash matters stand. I must set all straight after my long absence from home."

"Thank you, sir, I will fetch them in a minute," said Jasper. "The are rather more than the last; but as a fellow gets higher, he is expected to spend more. I don't think I've been extravagant, at least not more than I could help."

"I sha'n't be very hard, my lad," said Mr. Fleming, smilingly. "I have been young myself. But come, make haste; we have not much time to spare."

Jasper sprang from the room, and bounded lightly up the stairs. Lewis Delany was still there.

"I'm in luck," cried Jasper. "Such luck! My guardian has consented. I'm to go to Cambridge with the rest of you fellows. He wants to see the bills, and will come out handsomely, I can see. There, where the deuce are they?" he said rummaging away in the depths of a trunk, displacing every article in his haste. "A fellow can find nothing when he's in a hurry. There—all right—got them now!" he cried, springing to his feet.

"Stop a moment, Jasper," said his companion. "Put in a word about going home with me this vacation. We'll have such capital fun! Eleanor Norton, my cousin, you know, a splendid girl, will be with us, and her brother Robert. He's a great friend of my brother Frank's, and Eleonor always comes to spend her summer vacations at our place. They're orphans. And such games we have; picnics, riding, fishing, dancing. Don't forget to arrange it, Jasper, I say, which of the gentleman is your guardian? the shorter? You look like him. Just got his hair and eyes."

"You are mistaken," said Jasper, pausing, as he turned the door-handle, "I have no living relative that I know of. That gentleman was a stranger to me till to-day, when he accompanied my guardian here. Mr. Fleming, the other one, is my guardian—black eyes and hair—looks like a foreigner just returned from a long tour on the Continent. He adopted me, I believe. I am told he took me from the deck of a burning steamer, where one if not both of my parents were lost. But I don't know much about it at present. I'm to know more when I am of age." He mused for a few minutes, then said, "How odd you should think he is my guardian! Do you know I thought somehow I had seen Mr Glanville somewhere before."

"Glanville—Glanville!" repeated Delany, "I dare say it's General Courtenay's son-in-law. The old man lived near us, and only died a few years ago, since I can remember; and I know that was the name of the man who married his daughter. I've seen him before, I have no doubt, and you look like him Jasper."

"I can never have seen him before," said Jasper, hesitatingly. "I think I have heard that I was once in your parts when I was a child, and I might have met him then; there's no knowing. But I must be off."

While this was going on up stairs, an episode had taken place in the rooms below.

"Good heaven, Fleming," exclaimed Glanville, passionately, as he paced the room, "how could you be so cool, so stony? I had a hard battle. I shall betray myself even yet."

"Do it, and risk all," said Hugh, coolly. "Will you undo all? Will you destroy the work of sixteen years? Don't be a fool, Glanville! I foresaw this, and yet you would accompany me here! But what is it to me? Why should I try to prevent it? It's nothing to me if you choose to ruin yourself, unless for poor Julia's sake. Come Glanville, don't be a fool. I've served your interests faithfully for sixteen years. It's your own risk if you choose to ruin all now."

Glanville turned away, and paced the floor in agitation.

"A faithful friend, doubtless; yes, one who has served my interests at my own expense," he said, bitterly. "A disinterested friend, doubtless?"

"Have I not?" said Hugh, calmly. "Could not a word from me have ruined your whole life? Would you not have been a disgraced man, but for me? Try it now. Take the lad home—introduce him to Julia. No doubt Mrs. Glanville will be glad to welcome him to your house. A pleasant surprise, doubtless. I wash my hands of it all, remember."

"You are pleased to be sarcastic, Hugh," said Glanville. "I am fully sensible that prudence, interest, honor all dictate silence; but I did not know I had so much human feeling left; I could not foresee that the sight of the lad would affect me so much. Let us get away from here, or I shall go mad."

"As you will—yes, it is best," said Hugh, and his lips curved in a bitter smile. "I will not detain you; but, for mercy's sake, be careful! I saw him eye you sharply."

Jasper now entered with the papers, and also with the certificates of merit for the past year. Hugh took them from him, and nodded approvingly as he glanced them over.

"Good—very good," said he. "Speaks well of your application and talent. Well, you had better go to Cambridge. But what's to be done with you this long Summer vacation? I shall be away from England for the next three months; so I cannot take you to London, or for a little shooting, as I had intended. It's rather a hard case, Glanville," he added, turning to where his friend stood, pale and listless. "Here am I, with this young fellow as a ward, and neither house or home to take him to. I think I must get a wife, if only to make a home for him. What can be done, Jasper? You won't care to stay here and you're too old to be put in leading-strings elsewhere."

"Pray do not distress yourself, sir," said Jasper. "My friend and chum, Lewis Delany has been inviting me to go home with him. I should like very much to accept his invitation, and it would relieve you of all trouble on my account."

"Well, I must confess it is very opportune," said Hugh. "Let me see: the Delanys live in the west, do they not?"

"Yes, sir, in Monmouthshire," replied Jasper; "quite the border, I believe. Very nice people, I fancy."

"Very well; accept the invitation, and enjoy yourself in every way you can," said Hugh. "And as I don't want my ward to appear shabby where it is necessary to come out properly, I suppose I must increase your annual allowance, especially now you are going to Cambridge. I shall, therefore, from the day you enter Trinity, allow you four hundred a-year, and I shall expect you to keep all straight."

"I'll do my best, sir," said Jasper, "but of course I can't tell, what is necessary at the University. But I can't snob it anywhere, that's certain," he added, with an assumption, or rather a natural indulgence of the aristocratic pride which was inherent in him.

"No, I fancy not," said his guardian smilingly. "I say, Glanville, don't your old college days come back to you as you look at that lad? But there goes your bell, I suppose," he said, as it sounded all over the house and gardens. "We must be off. We start by the evening train, but I will see you again to-morrow or next day, before leaving. good-bye."

"Good-bye, sir," said the youth, as he attended the two gentlemen to the door, and again met the earnest, lingering gaze of Reginald Glanville's eyes, as, with a slight inclination of his head, in acknowledgment of the youth's graceful bow, he turned away; then, running lightly up the steps, he hastily put on his school coat, caught up his books, and was soon busily engaged in a knotty problem of Euclid, that for the time drove the mysterious stranger from his thoughts.

Meanwhile the two visitors had walked silently side by side down the smooth walk of the grounds, and then took their way along the road to the village of Harrow. For some time they were silent, till Hugh burst into a giddy laugh.

"I was certainly intended for an actor or a diplomatist," said he. "Nature mistook when she made me a simple gentleman. How did you think my fatherly relations became me, eh? I'll spend your money like a prince, Glanville."

A bitter smile came over Glanville's lip as he replied, "Fleming, I have been a fool and a villain. For Heaven's sake do not taunt me with it. Keep your thoughts to yourself, will you?"

"No," said Fleming sternly, "I will not. You are a fool, which is far worse than a villain in the eyes of the world; and I am one also to trouble myself about your affairs. Were it not for my cousin's sake I would leave you to your infatuated folly. Why should I not? You do not thank me for what I have done. Was it not my work from the very first that saved you from ruin, though I knew not the full villainy of the scheme till long after I consented to help it?

"Reginald Glanville," he continued, still more sternly, "who was it that came to me more than twelve years since and implored me to receive a beautiful boy under my care, to save you from disinheritance and the complete ruin that would have been brought on you by his being acknowledged as your own? And then, when at your earnest desire I consented—when I made myself the guardian of the lad, and invented a story of his birth—and watched over his childhood and early boyhood, I knew not all. I knew not that it was to break the heart, and remove from your path one who stood in your way to winning the beautiful heiress, that all this was done. When the scheme was developed, when it prospered, then I saw it, and then indeed I might have thwarted it; but just then: as you doubtless remember, my necessity was your opportunity; besides, on neither of us did our morals sit too heavily at the time. So I let you go on, and I too played my part, with no ordinary success. Now, after the lapse of twelve years, during half of which you have not been even near or known the whereabouts of my charge, you are seized with a violent repentance and desire to acknowledge him. Are you mad, that you do not see the risk you run? Are you blind, that you cannot foresee the future? Walk into Julia's presence and introduce this youth as your son, and what think you would be the result? Not a very desirable one I fancy, to a man whose gambling debts would more than absorb every farthing of his wife's income, and who is forced ever and anon to come on her loving, generous heart with all the fascination and deceitful homage that he can so fatally assume to induce her to give up the fortune settled on her by her father's love. I tell you, Glanville, that I know Julia's nature so well, that, should the boy's existence come to her knowledge, her love would not survive her bitter and terrible indignation. Can you dare that? I do not suppose you would hesitate to risk your wife's love. I know you too well for that, Reginald Glanville. I know that you cared not for the heart that I would have given years of my life to win, at the time that you snatched from me, what I then most coveted on earth. Nay, do not look like thunder at me; that is long past. I have for many years, only felt towards Julia, as a cousin, as the wife of my friend. But still she is my cousin, and you are in her power and mine. Now, do as you please. I have put the plain truth before you."

Glanville's face changed repeatedly during these rapidly-spoken words. He at one time was very pale, then a rush of flaming passion crimsoned his face, and flashed in his dark eyes. At last all seemed to subside into deep thought. His expression changed from bitter anger to one of calm, grave thought; then he turned to his friend with a look half sad, half frank.

"Fleming," said he, "you are right. But give me time. I must think."

"Think as you please, Glanville—there is no alternative," said Hugh, firmly; "and, what is more, I will not be trifled with. If you have any intention of the madness you allude to, I will at once give up all oversight of the lad; and what is more I shall not feel bound to keep secret any of your little transactions in past years. But here we are at the hotel. We can speak better over our wine on this matter; for settled it shall be and at once."

The gentlemen walked into the inn parlor where the dinner they had previously ordered was prepared for them. Perhaps Glanville was a coward, for he literally fenced off the coming conversation by keeping the waiter in the room much longer than was absolutely necessary, and started all kinds of subjects even when they were left alone over their wine. At length, Fleming stopped a discussion on the different vintages of the South of France.

"Glanville, what do you mean to do?" he asked, abruptly. "Is that boy to be yours or mine? There must be no more shilly-shallying in the matter. I am not inclined to waste my time and attention, and risk my reputation, without the reward of feeling that I am at least saving my cousin from distress and misery, and of ensuring the natural respect and obedience from the lad which a guardian should demand. I tell you, if you do not at once decide, and carry out the decision, I shall take the matter in my own hands; it will be too late then for repentance. You do not know me yet Glanville."

"Do I not?" said Reginald, bitterly. "I wish I didn't. I have been a villain, but I have not your hardness of heart. The boy has always been dear to me; and his mother——"

Here Glanville stopped, and laughed—a quick, hollow, unnatural laugh.

"Well," he resumed, "we will not speak of her. Perhaps it would hurt the feelings of the affectionate cousin of my wife. But, at least, I did not mean to break her heart, when I took the lad from her: I meant to save him for myself, and always meant some day to own him. Fleming you are my witness that it was so. You must know that I have spared no money that was necessary to educate my son; you have fulfilled all the duties of the most affectionate and generous father; and I tell you now that my heart yearns for the boy as it does for no other being on earth. I would give every shilling I ever lost at that cursed table to have him call me father."

"And your wife, and her revenues—are they included in the sacrifice?" asked Fleming, coldly.

Reginald started angrily; a fierce gleam burst from his eyes.

"Fleming!" he exclaimed, "you know that I cannot if I would throw away Julia and her wealth. Poor thing, she has enough to complain of, without further injuries."

"You are in a tender mood to-day," said Fleming, with a cold, cynical sneer. "I really think you intend to turn monk, only you would find the marriage some little bar in such a case."

Glanville was silent. He scarcely seemed to hear his companion's taunt. His mind was busy on many a more engrossing memory, which the sarcasm of Hugh Fleming could not divert. At last he spoke.

"Is there not one other way, Fleming?" he asked. "Why should I not tell the lad on promise of secrecy? He would be true; I can see it in his face—in his whole bearing. I would trust him with my very life."

"Perhaps," said Fleming, coolly; "but what else would result? Ask yourself, Glanville, what would be the result."

There was again silence. Fleming was fully resolved on his course. True, it was in many respects immaterial to him. He knew if he permitted the man before him to obey the impulses of his heart, and to reveal himself to the lad, he himself would not lose one title of the power he held. He knew that there was yet another secret that was unknown to his victim, by which he could at any moment sway him to his will. But still there were reasons that made him shrink from his revelation. The sole tender spot in his heart, or rather the only one which had sufficient life and warmth to actuate his decisions, was the old love in his heart for Julia Glanville. It was that, on one hand, which had for years prompted his secret, carefully-nursed revenge; it was also that which made him shrink from bringing such utter misery and ruin on her. And the words just uttered—the feelings that were welling and gushing in Glanville's heart—made him indeed doubtful whether the punishment of such a revelation would not fall more heavily on Julia than on her husband. He was doubtful whether, save for one accidental circumstance, this exposure would be aught but a light and passing blow to the man he hated. At length his decision was taken.

"Glanville," said he, with a calm, grave earnestness of manner, "I have but one more argument left. It is for you to judge, and when I have laid that before you I have done. Go to Jasper, to your son, acknowledge him, embrace him, demand his respect, his love, indulge your ardent desire to hear him call you 'father.' What then? What story can you invent to satisfy his natural and just queries? How can you answer him when he asks concerning his mother? Tell him that she was your lawful wife, and then he will demand his rights as your legitimate son, and ask to be taken to your home. Tell him—nay my dear fellow, we must not mince matters at such a time—tell him that she was not your lawful wife. Glanville, I know the lad. He would forget all, and turn and curse you. There; now you know all. If you choose, say but one word. I will accompany you at once to his presence and confirm all you have to say."

Dark changes went over Glanville's face: terrible conflicts swept over his heart. The softened, tender eyes were gradually hardened; the haughty features regained the selfish sensuality that had long disfigured them; the melted heart froze again; and a deep, hollow groan of despair escaped him.

"Fleming, you are right," he said, hoarsely. "But it is terrible. For Heaven's sake, let us go at once! I cannot risk that boy's hatred; but I must never see him more."

Fleming rose quickly, to disguise the exultant smile that played over his lips, and rang the bell hastily.

"When is the next train to London?" he asked.

"At nine o'clock," replied the servant.

"Then let us have the bill at once," said Fleming. "We shall just catch it."

The bill was brought, and the friends walked sullenly to the railway station. Little was spoken during the short transit to London; but when they parted at Euston Square, Glanville said, in a low voice, "Let us arrange future terms, and then I must try to forget."

"Very well. At two I will be with you," said Fleming.

Then they separated, one to his luxurious wretched home, the other to his lodgings in the Albany.

When Jasper Talbot rose next morning the following brief pencilled note was put in his hands:—

"I am called away for a day or two. I shall see you before you leave. You shall hear from me in a day or so.—Yours,

"H. FLEMING."

CHAPTER VII

"WHO is she, Minnie?" asked Eleanor Norton of a delicate but beautiful girl, who had just entered her room at Mrs. Cooper's establishment. "I shall hate her—I feel I shall, if only because she is to share your room—the place I meant to occupy. It is too bad, really. I dare say it is very unreasonable, but I cannot help it. Here a new girl is to be put with you, and I am to have Agnes Hamilton, whom I fairly hate, as my companion. I am enraged—I can tell Miss Cooper she will find that I am."

"Oh Nora, you will like her, I am sure you will," replied Minnie Darrell, a loving girl of fourteen. "I am certain you will like her. She is very pretty, and graceful-looking, and has passed a capital examination. I dare say you will like her better than me, after we get acquainted; and that won't take me long, as you know."

"Why, you tender-hearted little thing, you soon learn to love anybody who is not an ogre," said Eleanor, smilingly. "Well, perhaps I may. I like pretty people, and clever people, and should not endure an ugly dunce, however proper and good she might be. But about this new girl—what's her name?"

Just then a tap came at the door, and Miss Johnson, the head teacher, appeared, with a slender girl dressed in mourning.

"Young ladies," said she, "this is a new companion for you. Miss Norton, Miss Darrell, this is Miss Hilda Arden. Miss Darrell, I am sure you will make your new room-mate as happy and welcome as you can, and show her everything that is necessary she should know. I put her under your care, and yours, Miss Norton," she added, with emphasis. Then turning to the girl, who stood flushed and timid at the entrance of the room, she said, "My dear, your luggage shall be brought up here. Your young companion, Miss Darrell, will inform you of the rules, and also help you to arrange your clothes."

The teacher closed the door, and for the first time Hilda Arden found herself among complete strangers. A feeling of desolation and home sickness came over her, and her limbs trembled so much that she sank in the nearest chair for support, or rather, perhaps, to conceal her agitation from her companions; for Hilda was proud and sensitive; and though her home education had made her shy, she was yet sufficiently high-spirited to shun contempt or even pity from those around her. She endeavored to remove her bonnet; but the strings became entangled in her trembling fingers, and every effort to loosen them only seemed to increase the knot. Minnie Darrell sprang forward, with her sweet, gentle smile, so removed from pride or arrogance, in the help she preferred.

"Let me assist you Miss Arden," she said.

As Minnie unraveled the knot, and smoothed out the golden curls from their slight disarrangement, the beauty and the sweet expression of the face thus exposed, and the soft tones of the gentle "Thank you," completely won her heart. But Nora Norton kept aloof. She sat with her elbow on the window-sill, and her gaze apparently fixed on the school garden, but in reality stealthily regarding this new comer.

Eleanor Norton was no common character. Left alone motherless, she had early matured, and at fifteen she was self-possessed and self reliant. Many called her self-willed and haughty; but they were persons who could not understand the workings of a high, noble spirit, which often prompted her to an independent mode of thinking and acting, which led at times to a defiance of constraint, rules, and forms. She read character by a sort of intuition, that made her take sudden and apparently capricious likes and dislikes.

She thought for herself, which prevented her from falling in at once with the popular and established creeds of manners and ideas. It was therfore no wonder that she was a strange, and odd, and haughty girl, in the eyes of those who did not like her, and whom she did not admire. While to those who knew her, she was a being to be loved strongly and for ever; a girl full of passionate, but high and generous impulse.

Hilda did not like her. She caught from time to time the expression of the penetrating eyes as they glanced at her from under the long lashes; and she resented the gaze. The innate pride of her own nature came to her help.

She was alone—a stranger among the crowd of girls at the fashionable and renowned school that Mr. Arden had chosen for her.

And now, a girl, rich, haughty, perhaps the very head and heart of that miniature world, was there, an intruder in her chamber, intently regarding her, and scrutinizing, it might be, every detail of her dress and appearance with a sarcastic air. At first it abashed, then it roused her to a proud self-assertion. With a slight, and by no means unbecoming flash on her cheek, she rose, and kneeling down by the bed, began to unlock her trunk.

Then Eleanor rose, and went towards her.

"One moment, Miss Arden," said she. "There is plenty of time—it is a full hour to dinner. Please tell me your other name."

"Hilda," was the quiet answer.

"Hilda! It is a pretty name," said Eleanor. "Let me call you so always. You will let me love you, will you not? I have looked at you, and I like you. You are so like some one I know."

A brilliant flush dyed the cheeks of the cold, haughty Eleanor Norton, as she placed her arm around the slight form of Hilda Arden, and kissed her tenderly.

Hilda returned the embrace with a quiet though grateful caress; but as she raised her face, and turned aside, there was a quick quiver of her lips, and a tear sprang to her eyes.

"I thank you," she said in a low, trembling voice.

Eleanor looked earnestly at her for a moment, then she said. "Are you an orphan, Hilda?"

The crimson flamed in the young girl's face, and then she replied, gravely "Yes."

"Poor child!" said Eleanor. "And have your parents been long dead?"

"My mother died at my birth," replied Hilda. "I never saw my father. I have been brought up by my mother's dearest friend, my uncle, and his sister."

Eleanor saw that there was some deep cause of agitation hidden under the sudden flush, and the trembling voice. The loss of a mother, years before, who had never even been known, could scarcely occasion such a rush of blood to the delicate cheeks, nor the low, sad tone of the voice; and, with the instinct of a noble mind, she at once suspended all questioning for the present. She grasped the soft hand she had taken, and bent gently down over the red cheek.

"We are alike in that respect, at least," she said. "I too am motherless." Then assuming her usual air, she said—"Come, I must not hinder you. I will leave you and Minnie to arrange your belongings, while I go and dress. We make a sort of toilette here, by way of schooling for the future, I suppose."

She passed from the room with an impetuous step, as if some sudden impulse had come over her. Hilda gazed wistfully at the closed doors, then turned questioningly to Minnie.

"She is not angry, is she?" she asked.

"No," replied Minnie; "but she is always upset when there is any question of orphanage. Poor dear Nora! she has such a love for her mother's memory. She will like you, Hilda, if only because you are, like herself, motherless."

"But tell me all about her," said Hilda. "Is she very rich?—and where does she live?"

"Well then," said Minnie, sitting down on the sofa and resting her foot on a cushion "you must know that Nora Norton is the chief and most distinguished girl in the school. If any of the pupils say they do not like her, you may be almost sure she does not like them. But you will not know her in a day, nor a week. Her character is a singular one, but it is well worth studying. Her father is a wealthy country gentleman in Hampshire; but I believe he often goes to London in the season; and she has one or two brothers. One of them is gone on a long foreign tour; and she says her father has promised to take her to Italy when she leaves school. Ah, happy Nora, she can have all she wishes for, while I must be content to deny myself, for I am poor."

"But you have a mother have you not?" said Hilda. "That is far better than riches."

The girl's face burned; but tears came in her eyes as she replied, "Yes; but then it is sad to know I'm obliged to deny myself; and that I must leave her when I go home. I am to be a teacher, a governess; and yet, I have such a love, such a desire to be an artist, Hilda!—and it is because I am poor, and must earn money that I can not be one. I am here because our uncle said he would pay for my schooling, that I might get my own living afterwards."

The hot blood flushed her cheeks; but the next instant the animation sparkled again in her eyes.

"After all," said she, "I ought not to envy dear Nora, for she has such a noble heart, I believe she will do a great deal of good with her wealth when she goes home. But hark! there's the dressing bell—we must make haste."

Mrs. Cooper enforced all proper regulations among her young ladies. They were generally the daughters of person of good and even high family, and the habits taught at Highfield House were in strict accordance with the etiquette of such households.

Hilda went to the glass and let down her long golden hair. Minnie looked at her admiringly.

"How old are you, Hilda?" she asked.

"Nearly fourteen," she replied.

"I should have thought that you were as old as Nora and me, and we are fifteen," said Minnie. "Why, you are taller than me by half a head."

It was true. Minnie was slight and fragile and child-like in appearance, but in heart and sensibility she was a very woman; gifted with strong feelings and quick imagination she was a strange mixture of poet, the artist, and thoughtless school girl. As she stood now adjusting her hair and arranging her simple dress, she chattered away about the teachers and school-fellows of the establishment.

"There's Agnes Hamilton, a capital girl for fun, and yet a splendid scholar; and there's Carrie Leathan—she is a first rate pianiste. Do you play, Hilda?"

"Not much," she replied. "I hope to learn a great deal here."

"I love drawing too well to give much time for music: and yet I love it," said Minnie. "I will show you my drawings some day. I think they are good; but they must be a great deal better before I can really do anything worth speaking of. Oh, if I could but go to Italy—if I had but one hundreth part of the wealth that Nora will have, just to take me there!"

Hilda gazed at the enthusiast in sympathy. She knew her own actual fortune was small. She knew that much depended on Philip Arden, and that on him she had no claim; yet this evil poverty that Minnie lamented so bitterly was, as yet, almost unknown to her; she could not appreciate it; her sweet, kindly nature was sad, because her companion was gloomy, and apprehensive of the future.

For the first time, perhaps, Hilda began to comprehend life as it was. What would be her own destiny, if left desolate and poor on the world? She knew full well that it was uncertain how long Philip Arden might be spared to her.

His health was broken, his strength and spirits were subdued, since Bessie died; and some instinct told her that his life was indeed an uncertain one. The future opened

drearily before her at that moment. The fact of her being among strangers, and the painted picture by Minnie Darrel, brought it to her heart,—

In listening to another's woes, she thought upon her own.

Suddenly the bell sounded.

"Hark! the dinner-bell," cried Minnie. "There, you will do. Come, I will go down with you."

With her arm about Hilda's waist, the warm-hearted girl led her down the broad staircase, where, joined by several other girls, then went to the long dining-room.

Hilda's school life was now fairly begun; but little did she know the effect it would produce on her future life, the influences that it would exercise on herself and others.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

His Atonement.

BY ALICE I. MCALILLY.

O LIFE is bright, and hope is fair, to know no touch of care," sang Clara Dean, as she deftly dusted the parlor chairs and righted things in general.

Suddenly she paused and bent her head in a listening attitude.

And her soul-lit eyes turned, with a world of eagerness in their blue depths, toward the window, whence she fancied she heard the sound of footsteps on the pavement without; and the form of a gentleman, appearing at the open window a moment later, assured her that she was not mistaken.

Something like a shadow passed over the face of the young girl, when she saw the newcomer, but she answered his "good-morning" with a cheerful nod, and then proceeded with her dusting.

Philip Granger, for such was the name of the intruder, watched for a moment the graceful movements of the worker, and then asked:

"How is your father this morning, Miss Dean?"

"Somewhat better, thank you," answered Clara, without looking up.

The man stood at the window a few moments longer, shifting uneasily from foot to foot, and then drew from his coat-pocket some papers and letters.

"I have brought your mail, Miss Dean."

"You are very kind. Just lay it on the window sill," replied Clara, as she carefully replaced the thing on the "what-not."

Mr. Granger bit his lip with vexation, but despairing of arousing any interest in the girl, he strode away, with an evil look in his eyes, and a muttered imprecation upon his lips.

Clara did not mean to be rude.

Philip Granger was a near neighbor, and her rejected suitor, and her delicate, womanly instinct revolted from encouraging his marked endeavors to gain a friendship, which, judging from his past avowment, would be, to say the least, unwise.

Our story opens in the year 1863, and Clara's accepted lover was absent.

He had enlisted in the war.

With whole-souled devotion, the young girl refused the attention of other suitors in his absence.

So, after Philip Granger's unwelcome visit that fair June morning, she slowly and earnestly finished her task, and then gathering up the papers and letters left the room, and crossing the hall, entered her father's study.

But Mr. Dean, who was considerably indisposed, had fallen asleep in his invalid's chair.

So Clara examined the letters, and finding that none of them were for her, she opened one of the papers and carelessly scanned the contents.

There was one column devoted to the list of the killed and wounded of a late battle, and as she read the names, more from habit than aught else, her face suddenly paled and her hands clutched the paper convulsively.

In reading Charles Ives's name among the killed, she had read the death-warrant to her happiness, and she was stunned for a moment, but she neither went off into hysterics nor fainted, but with wonderful presence of mind she placed the mail where her father could find it on awakening, and then quietly passed out of the room and out of the house, into the warm sunshine.

This was the first real sorrow of Clara Dean's life.

Her mother had died when she was a babe, consequently she could not realize the loss of a mother's love and care.

And her father being a permanent invalid and thus confined to the house much of the time had been her sole teacher, companion, and friend, up to within two years of the time our story opens, when she had met and loved with an almost idolatrous devotion Charles Ives, a handsome young lieutenant, the son of her father's life-long friend.

And the young soldier was well worthy of the love of the noble girl.

Mr. Dean had learned nothing of her bereavement, and he gazed with wonderment upon the sad-faced woman who had taken the place of the merry-voiced, laughing girl of the morning.

Clara could not speak of her grief even to her father, and other lips broke to him the sad news, and when he had heard all he summoned his daughter, and sought to speak some word of solace, but sobs choked his voice, the tears rained down his furrowed cheek, and his trembling lips could only murmur "God bless and comfort you, my child."

But Clara was not a woman to burden them with her grief, and only in the silence of her own room did she give way to despair.

The soldier-lover's body was sent home to be buried, and only the angels knew how often at early dawn or 'neath the starlit skies she stole to the new-made grave and laid down her offering of fresh flowers, and then crept back with the withered blooms of yesterday, and with them as a heart's ease upon her breast, sought her couch and yielded to fitful slumber.

"Griefs come not singly," and e'er long Clara Dean was called upon to lay the mortal remains of her beloved father beside those of her lover, and when she turned away from the unsodded mound she stood utterly alone in a wide, wide world face to face with a double sorrow.

Fortunately, her father's will left her well-provided for, and with marvellous fortitude she bore up under her heavy trial.

Philip Granger, clothed with the garb of friendship, was ever ready to help, to encourage, to counsel, and to advise, and Clara in her helpless need, accepted what she considered his unselfish kindness with never a thought of a deeper purpose.

Scarcely two years had rolled away, since the death of her brave lover, when Philip Granger again asked Clara to become his wife, and he pleaded his cause so earnestly and persistently that from very pity's sake she promised to consider his proposal, and she did so conscientiously and prayerfully.

She did not love him, but he had loved her long and faithfully, and life held now no duty for her but to promote the happiness of others.

She respected Mr. Granger, and so, laying aside all other scruples, she told him gently and tearfully that she was quite sure that she did not love him, and that her heart was buried in the soldier's grave, and that the memory of her early love would be the sweetest thought of her life, but if knowing this he still wished her to become his wife, she would do so, and endeavor to fulfil her duties as such.

Philip Granger, eager to gratify the one passion of his life at any cost gladly accepted the tangible part of Clara Dean as a recompence for the undefined, adoring, spiritual portion, buried in the memory of the past.

So they were quietly married, and the world was content.

Scarcely two months had passed away before the fair bride began to realise something of the selfish, jealous nature of the man into whose keeping she had given her life.

It had been her sole comfort in other days to visit the graves of her father and lover, but since her marriage she had abstained from going so frequently, and only at long intervals did she lay flowers upon the grassy mounds.

But Philip Granger, with unbounded jealousy, stealthily followed his wife on one of those rare occasions, and secretly watched her movements.

The poor unsuspecting Clara knelt for a moment and laid her treasure of white blossoms upon the grave, and in the impulse of grief pressed her lips to the photograph of the brave lieutenant inserted in the marble slab, and then with eyes upturned and hands clasped she prayed for strength to crush down the love for the dead that she might be more faithful to the living, and then with face irradiated with holy peace she passed out of the graveyard and returned home.

Philip Granger watched her from his retreat until she was out of sight, and then with frenzy he strode to the silent grave, crushed the fragile blossoms, and with the aid of a sharp-edged instrument he wrenched the photograph from the marble, and crept away like the guilty creature that he was.

The terrible force of his passion was spent, but guilt was upon his soul and remorse was already upon his conscience.

He did not return home until late and his heart smote him to find Clara at the gate waiting for him with a kiss and a tender word.

If she noticed his moody silence, no questioning word betrayed it. She was striving earnestly to be a dutiful wife, adapting herself to the varying moods of her husband, and hiding as much as possible her own grief that she might be a cheerful helpmeet to him, she deemed it no wrong to the living those feelings which to the dead belonged, but she strove to conceal them from the purely unselfish motive of not reflecting the shadow of her own life upon the lives of others.

Great was her surprise and consternation, when after a month's absence she again visited the tombs of her loved ones and beheld the work of destruction; her indignation at this disrespect was unbounded, but she could not form the slightest idea of who the perpetrator of the deed was.

She called the sexton's boy, who chanced to be passing through the cemetery, and kindly asked him to reshape the mound.

He willingly consented, and securing a spade from the tool-house, was soon bustly at work.

Upon turning over a large piece of sod, he discovered a gentleman's glove, which Clara examined.

It was a drab dogskin glove, discolored and ruined, but on one side of the wrist-piece was embroidered in her own dainty work the name of Philip Granger.

And it was with heartsick despair that she at last retraced her steps homeward.

The memory of her previous visit came back with vivid distinctness.

She remembered her husband's late return from what he termed a "long walk," his moody silence, abrupt answers, and his continued and unexplained surliness since that time.

She had repeatedly asked her husband to accompany her on these visits, but he had always refused to do so, and that he had done so without her knowledge was an evidence of some hidden purpose.

Still, she determined not to decide too hastily that he had been guilty of an act which would sever every vestige of the respect with which she had always regarded him.

Upon reaching home, she went directly to her chamber and removed all traces of her recent visit, and when she met her husband she was to outward appearances as composed as usual.

But Philip Granger was restless and uneasy.

He had guessed what Clara's errand out had been, and was expecting her to refer to the depredations, but she made no remark, and was apparently cheerful and undisturbed.

He walked the full length of the library several times, and then pausing beside his wife's chair, demanded:

"Where have you been, Clara!"

"To the cemetery, dear," she replied, without looking up.

Again Mr. Granger walked across the room, and again he paused before his wife.

"How are the graves looking?" he asked.

This time Clara raised her eyes full of mute sorrow to his face and sadly replied:

"They were looking very much as usual when I left, and"—as she drew the glove from her pocket, "here is what I found there."

Philip Granger grew deadly pale, but whether from guilt or anger his wife was unable to tell, for, with a muttered curse, he left the room, and falling upon her knees Clara prayed for patience to endure this, the heaviest trial of her life.

No word of reproach crossed the lips of the young wife, and with silent pain she resolved to forego the pleasure of those sacred visits.

But Philip never again questioned his wife on the subject.

Pride and shame kept him from confessing his guilt and asking pardon, but remorse was busy with his conscience, and he grew stern and cold toward the fragile creature he had promised to "love and cherish."

At last he resolved to leave the old scenes, thronged now with bitter memories, and took Clara to the far West, and purchased a beautiful home in the young, but rapidly growing, city of Denver.

And there in her elegant home, surrounded by all the external comforts of life and blessed with three fair children, lived Clara Granger for many years, and people unconsciously lowered their voices, and children instinctively hushed their noisy laughter without knowing why when in the presence of the beautiful, sad-faced woman.

Many years ago she found the missing photograph among her husband's possessions, but she never reproached him.

She felt that he had in secret repented of his rash deed long ago, and she uttered no word that would remind him of that unhappy hour.

And Philip Granger, softened and refined from the influence of his lovely wife, loved her with a more fervent and unselfish love than in those days, and he noted with supreme agony the visible decay that was taking place in the gentle mother of his children; the fatal disease to which she had inherited a predisposition, had, with a slight cold as a provocation settled itself upon her delicate constitution with a fatal strength, and one fair autumn day not many months ago the angel-spirit left its tenement of clay. And with the form of his dead wife in his arms Philip Granger fought and won the greatest battle of his life; and when he at last kissed the inanimate brow of the faithful wife, he yielded up his claim to the rightful owner, and carried the remains of the beautiful woman back to her early home.

He buried her beside her soldier lover, and when he turned away from that sacred spot, in spite of his bereavement, he felt a thrill of happiness such as he had never felt before.

Perhaps the angels in heaven had placed opposite the black deed of the past the noble sacrifice of the present, and cancelled the debt of sin.

And now Philip Granger, with his three daughters, the eldest of whom is just upon the verge of womanhood, is living again on the old Dean homestead.

Bent with premature old age, but with a noble resolve upon his brow, he carries fresh flowers each day to the grave of his wife, not forgetting to lay a few fragile blooms upon the soldier's grave; and thus, in the growing twilight of his life, after reaping the bitter fruits of evil-doing, Philip Granger is sowing the seeds of repentance, with the sweet hope that they will yield a harvest in the hereafter, meet for an atonement of the past.

SOMETHING ABOUT CLUBS.—Clubs originated in England. At first they were mere meetings for social purposes, but soon they began to play an important part. In the days of Sir Walter Raleigh, Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and others, the meeting place was "The Mermaid," an old tavern, where the first tobacco was smoked by Sir Walter Raleigh to the honor of the fashionable world, and the first potato steamed upon the board. The articles in the first *Tattler*, dated from a club house, and clubs in the days of the Georges were the resort of all in search of revelry, a "high play," or the more refined enjoyment of "keen passes of wit." To-day they mean the greatest luxury and enjoyment, with the greatest privacy and refinement, and every class has its representative club.

Bric-à-Brac.

DEAD AS A DOOR-NAIL.—Taken from the door-nail, the nail on which, in old doors, the knocker strikes, and therefore used as a comparison to any one irrevocably dead: one who has fallen with abundant death, such as reiteration of strokes on the head naturally produce.

GOLDSMITH'S DESTRUCTION.—The poles supporting the triumphal arches which lined the Prince of Wales's route during his late visit to India were connected crossways by a beautiful species of fern moss called by the Cingalese the "Goldsmith's Destruction." The reason for this singular name is that one of the ancient kings commanded the goldsmiths to imitate this delicate moss in silver. Failing miserably they had their heads cut off.

FOUR-PENNY NAILS.—Many persons are puzzled to understand what is meant by the terms "four-penny," "six-penny," and "ten-penny," as applied to nails. "Four-penny" means four pounds to the thousand nails, or "six-penny" six pounds to the thousand, and so on. It is an old English term, and meant at first "ten-pound" nails (the thousand being understood), but the old English clipped it to "tenpun," and from that it degenerated until "penny" was substituted for "pounds." When 1,000 nails weigh less than one pound they are called tacks, brads, etc., and are reckoned by ounces.

"I SEE CRONSTADT."—Russian gentlemen drink their tea out of glasses, the ladies out of china. There is an amusing legend attached to this custom. The first teacups for Russia were made at Cronstadt, with a view of that city at the bottom of the cup. It often happened that the proprietors of the *cafe* did not make the tea so black as was desirable, from motives of gain, and a transparent liquor was the result. On one occasion a waggish consumer summoned the proprietor, and, pointing to his cup, exclaimed, "I see Constadt!" The saying passed into a proverb.

THE BEST SOLDIERS.—It has long been a mooted point whether single or married men make the best soldiers. In a recent foreign campaign a colonel was questioned upon this point. "Both are right," said he. "Look yonder; do you see that battalion of happy, devil-may-care fellows? They are all single men, and they would take their lives in their hands. But look again—do you see those taciturn, sombre, gloomy-looking men there? They are all married, and in a hand-to-hand fight they are terrors." "What is the name of the battalion?" asked the inquirer. "They are called," said the colonel gravely, "the 'Children of Despair!'"

A SIMPLE FLOWER.—In one of the early comic annuals there are some amusing lines of Hood's describing how a country nurseryman had made money out of the sale of a simple flower, which sold under the name of the "Rhodum Sidus." This charming name had proved quite an attraction to the ladies, and the flower had become the rage of the season. At length a pertinacious botanist, who found that the flower was a not uncommon weed, insisted on knowing where the nurseyman has got his name from: he elicited the following reply—

"I found this flower in the road beside us,
So christened it the Rhodum Sidus."

POLTROON.—This word is derived from the Latin words meaning "thumb cut off," one that is deprived, or who has deprived himself of his thumb. In old times a self-mutilation of this description was not infrequent on the part of some cowardly, shrinking fellow who wished to escape his share in the defense of his country; he would cut off his right thumb, and at once become incapable of drawing the bow, and thus useless for wars. It is not to be wondered at that the word poltroon—first applied to a coward of this sort should afterwards become a name of scorn affixed to every base and cowardly evader of the duties and dangers of life.

WITHOUT JEALOUSY.—One of the most extraordinary features in Hawaiian character lies in the fact that the terrible passion of jealousy is unknown among them. It does not exist any more than a thing that was never heard of—never had an existence. The Hawaiian woman is the most loving of human beings. The Hawaiian lover, however deeply he loves her, is never jealous of her. Men may smile upon her, may come and go, but his soul is unruffled by the green-eyed monster. Native women are not jealous of native women nor of men: husband is not jealous of wife. The native is not inattentive to the wishes of his beloved. He waits upon her with gallant attention; in fact, the Hawaiian is so extremely gallant that he thinks it a glory to do housework, if the doing thereof will please his sweetheart.

"TOORAL, LOORAL, FA, LA, LA," ETC.—The seeming nonsensical choruses of many old ballads are in reality the remnants of the songs sang by the ancient Britons in the celebration of their sun-worship. "Fa, la, la," is written in Welsh, "fal la"—fal meaning a circle or sun, and la a day, and both words expressing the completion of a day. As the Druids marched round their stone circles, like those still discernable at Stonehenge, they chanted their chorus, "Fal-la-fal-l," as the god they worshiped sank behind the western hills. So, "Down, down, derrydown," in the original is "Dun, dun, deragan dun," and it means "To the hill, to the oak, to the hill," and was, therefore, a call to worship. "Tooral looral," "High trololle," and many others of these apparently meaningless burdens to old songs have a similar curious origin.

NEVER AGAIN.

BY E. C. W.

Never again, though years may come and go,
And stars and suns may shine,
And blue waves beat the shore with restless flow,
Will your small hand clasp mine.

Never again, though orchards may grow sweet
With blossoms pink and white,
Will come the subtle music of your feet,
To fill me with delight.

Never again, when robins blithely sing
Songs that all souls rejoice,
Amid the many melodies of spring,
For me will sound your voice.

Never again, when through the shadows cold,
The moaning of the tide
Up from the sea in sad refrain is rolled,
Will you stand by my side.

Never again, while through the morning mist
The opal glory streams,
Will we, where love has sanctified a tryst,
Tell over night's bright dreams.

Never again, oh! love so sweet, so fair!
The tides may rise and fall,
And birds' songs echo through the fragrant air,
And you not hear my call.

Never again! The purple clovers toss,
And lilies vigil keep,
As soft south winds go wandering across
The grave wherein you sleep.

A LIFE'S MISTAKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOVE THAT LIVES," "THE FATAL LILIES," "WIFE IN NAME ONLY," "WHICH LOVED HIM BEST," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.—[CONTINUED.]

IF I had known that, Lady May," said Gabriel, "nothing in the world would have kept me from you. I thought you were engrossed with Lord Aberdale."

"Lord Aberdale!" she repeated, scornfully. "I do think, Gabriel, that in spite of your talent you are at times very dense!"

When she saw the look of pain on the handsome face before her, she held out her hand.

"Forgive me," she said, impetuously; "I did not mean that! But why do you not understand? No matter who is talking to me, if you wish to speak to me, you have the right to do so, and it is my pleasure that you should do so."

She raised her head with a gesture full of pride and grace.

"Every one else obeys me," she went on; "why should not you?"

"It would be my dearest delight," he said, and something in his face and voice brought the color into the girl's face.

"I want to speak to you about Lord Ardean," she said. "Did you give him my message and the flowers?"

"I gave him your message, and also the flowers; and, Lady May, it is no exaggeration to say that he almost fainted from sheer excess of delight. I have never seen anyone so pleased. He said it was enough to keep him from dying; and, just as I thought he asked that the lilies might be buried with him."

Her face softened, and he saw that her dark eyes were dim with tears.

"I should like," he continued, "to tell you something else he said if I thought you would not be angry."

"Why should I be angry?" she asked, gently.

"The fact is," said Gabriel, naively, "I never know whether you will be angry or not. But if you are displeased this time you must let your whole displeasure fall upon me, and not upon Lord Ardean."

"How could I be displeased with a man who stands, as you tell me, in the very shadow of death? You must think me heartless, Gabriel."

"No, I do not. When you let your own heart speak, it is one of the most tender. Will you walk with me as far as the conservatory? I could speak to you more at my ease if I thought no one else could hear me."

And they went into the conservatory together.

"I hope," thought Gabriel, as they stood there, "that Heaven will help me to keep my senses. I can feel that they are leaving me."

And indeed, so far as his resolutions were concerned, he was in mortal peril.

Lady May was leaning over the basin of the fountain, the murmur of which was like soft music. She looked like a beautiful picture as she stood with her face bent over the water. Presently she raised her eyes and said, gently:

"What is it you have to tell me?"

He stood close by her side—so near that her dress touched him, and the sweet subtle perfume from its folds reached him. Was it to bewilder him even more that she placed one white hand in the water as though she enjoyed the coolness of it?

"Now, Gabriel, I am sure your mind is wandering. You are thinking of that dreadful poetess. There is some kind of sympathy between you, I suppose."

"Lady May," replied Gabriel, "unless you are kind to me, I shall not be able to say one word."

"I am always kind," she retorted.

"No, you are not. You are often satirical. I do not feel as though I could talk to you in the old frank fashion. It may be that in what you call my denseness and stupidity I displease you; if so, I am sorry. But I will not waste the precious moments you have given me in talking about myself."

He stopped abruptly; for she had taken her hand from the water and stood erect.

"We are always quarrelling and playing at cross-purposes," she remarked; "let us be friendly while you tell me what you have to say."

"You must give me the same sweet smile that used to reward me when I fastened your doll's head on, or did some equally meritorious thing for you," said Gabriel.

His boldness gave him a momentary advantage over her. The proud young beauty was silenced, and unbent so far as to give him exactly what he asked for—a most amiable and winning smile.

"Thank you," he said. "Now that you look like Lady May I knew at Langton Wolde, I can tell you everything. You know that he is dying, our poor friend; neither skill nor love can prolong his life more than a few weeks, and his one great desire is to see you once—only once."

"So he shall," she answered; and tears that filled her eyes brimmed over and rolled down her face. "I will go to see him."

"I should think," said Gabriel, with noble generosity, "that no man ever loved a woman better than he loves you. It is the more pitiful that we know his doom was fixed. He has another great longing, Lady May. I wonder if I dare tell it to you?"

"You may tell me anything you like, Gabriel."

"If you had heard him express the wish" he continued, "the pathos of it would have disarmed all anger. Before he dies—and all dying men have fancies—he wishes to kiss your face. If happiness of any kind lay in my hands, I would forego it to see his wish granted."

"You do not think I should be cruel enough to refuse, do you, Gabriel? I will go to see him and do as he wishes. If I could, I would be with him at the last. I am not so heartless and cruel as you evidently think me. All my heart is not given to the world and to pleasure. I have tender and gentle thoughts for the man who loves me, and has to die."

They were silent for a few moments after that; and Gabriel thought she had never looked so beautiful as in this softened mood. Presently, looking at him with a half-mischievous light in her eyes she said:

"Gabriel, have you ever made love to any one? It is a strange question; but, if you will answer it, I will tell you why I asked it."

"I cannot answer it," he replied, "for I do not know."

He could not decide in his own mind whether the devotion he had always paid to her could be called making love or not. Lady May appeared much embarrassed.

"Do you expect me to believe that you do not know whether you have ever made love or not?"

"It is the simple truth, he answered, without hesitation—"I do not know."

"Well, although such ignorance seems impossible, I will waive that, and tell you why I ask the question."

He looked at her eagerly.

"It is because you do it so well for other people! It is a great pity you do not make love for yourself," she said, with a laugh that was half-shy, half saucy but wholly delightful.

It was a dangerous ordeal for him; he felt confident that if he urged his suit, if he told her in that moment how much he loved her, it would not be in vain.

Honor to the rescue! He must not take advantage of his position to win her; he must not play the traitor and repay the kindness of the earl by asking his rich and lovely ward to be his wife. He decided that he would never place himself in such danger again.

"Why do you look at me so strangely, Gabriel?" asked Lady May. "I do hope that you understand what I say. You have a fashion of looking at me as though I were talking Greek. I should be sorry to believe it true, but I have a half-fear that poetry must have a stupefying effect on a man's imagination."

"I wonder," said Gabriel, quietly, "why you taunt me always with being a poet?"

"I do not taunt you," she replied, with a quick flush—"I have never taunted you in my life. The fact is, Gabriel, you wilfully and cruelly misunderstand me whenever we meet. If you persist in this line of conduct to me, I shall come to the conclusion that it will be much better for us not to meet."

"You are right," he said, with the quiet dignity of despair. "My interviews with you are doomed to end disagreeably."

"It is your own fault, Gabriel;" and this time tears stood in the proud young beauty's eyes. "You changed first to me. Why are we not friendly and happy together as we used to be? What has come between us?"

"Do you not know what it is, Lady May?" he asked, earnestly.

Her face flushed crimson, her eyes fell before his, her breath came in short gasps, and her heart beat as it had never beaten before.

"How should I guess in respect of what you never tell me?" she asked, after a pause.

"Your guessing, and guessing rightly, shows that it is what I should never name to you, Lady May."

"Gabriel!" she cried, impatiently, "we shall play at cross-purposes until we die—I I am sure of that."

She turned away—piqued, he could see; but he was powerless to prevent it. He could say no more; if he spoke at all, it must be to tell the cherished secret of his heart, which he had decided she must never know.

She was leaving the conservatory; if he wanted to say anything to her, he must speak now. His soul was on fire, her name on his lips. She turned and looked at him as she reached the door, love, tenderness, anger, reproach, all blended in her eyes. It must be now or never if he uttered her name. She would come back to him, and between them there would be no secrets for ever more. No—honor to the rescue! She was not for him, the nameless dependent. If he had found the evidence of his mother's marriage, he could have called to her then and there, have clasped her in his arms, and have asked her to be his wife. But she was not for him. He clenched his hands and his lip, controlling himself with an effort that was almost superhuman. He had but one desire and it was to leave the place at once.

"Good-bye, Gabriel," said the sweet voice, with a faint touch of reproach.

He tried to answer her, but the words died on his lips.

Lady May, avoiding the drawing-room and the guests, went to her own room. She was in the mood for solitude. She was angry and sad by turns. Why did he not understand her? She had shown him as plainly as any modest, well-bred girl could that she liked him. Why would he not understand? Why would he not speak to her? Did he think she was so little-minded, so ignoble, that she would allow the mere difference of rank and title to influence her?

"He must know," she said to herself, "that I think him a king amongst men—a king by right of his genius."

Lady May was disconsolate. She loved Gabriel with all her heart; but she could not go to him and tell him so.

"He must know," she said, over and over again. "I have told him so in everything but words."

As for Gabriel, he was thankful that the ordeal was over. He knew that there was no safety for him now but in retreat. As he crossed the entrance-hall, he met Lady Lulworth. When she saw his face, white with agitation and haggard with despair, she stopped abruptly.

"Gabriel, what is wrong?"

He held one of her hands in a tight clasp.

"I must go," he said. "There are limits to human endurance, and I have reached mine."

"Go where?" she asked, in amazement.

"Go where the spirit of my lost love can never haunt me and the sight of her face can never madden me!" he cried. Then remembering suddenly the pain his words must give her, he added, "Forgive me—I am speaking without thinking. I—in fact, I scarcely know what I am saying."

"You have been quarrelling with Lady May, Gabriel?" said the countess.

"No; we have not quarreled. We have parted. I must never see her again. My honor is safe; but death would be easier than to go through such an ordeal again."

And when Lady Lulworth saw her son leave the house with despair in his face she realized what the folly of her youth cost both herself and him.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"I WILL never so play with temptation again," said Gabriel, to himself, recalling his interview with Lady May. "I will resign my appointment, give up all hope of advancement, and go to the New World. I will speak to the marquis to-morrow. Better lose all than forfeit my honor; better die forgotten than live despised. I will go to Canada and earn my bread there, if it must be so, by the sweat of my brow, but I will never take advantage of the trust that has been placed in me. My own sense tells me that, if the Earl of Lulworth had ever dreamed I should try to win his ward, he would never have allowed me as a child to play with her, nor, as a man, to associate with her. I will not betray my trust."

Early the next morning, lest anything should weaken his resolve, he went to the marquis and asked if he could spare a few minutes during the day to see him on business of importance.

"Certainly," said Lord Doone; and then Gabriel said to himself that his fate was fixed. He could not draw back now.

He sat down in the room where he had been so happy and where he had worked so hard. He had measured his strength, and it had failed him, he told himself; he had come to the limit of his endurance, and there was nothing for it but flight. He would start at once; and, as he thought of all he was leaving, his self-control gave way. He laid his arms on the table, resting his face on them, and sobbed aloud.

Presently he heard a loud ring at the hall-door. How little he knew what influence that ring would have on his fortunes! A few moments later one of the servants knocked at his door, and, entering, handed him a telegram. It did not occur to him at first that it was on his own business; he was so accustomed to receive telegrams for Lord Doone. He opened it mechanically; but all the indifference left him as he read these words:

"From the Reverend Mr. Bourne, the Rectory, Norham, to Gabriel Holmes, Esquire.—Can you come down to Norham at once? News of some interest."

His hands trembled, and a mist came before his eyes. Good Heaven, if the news were of the kind he desired! He tried to steady his nerves, which had been shaken by the excitement of the morning. After all, the matter might not be of much importance; it might not even be about the lost register-leaves. He wished Mr. Bourne had been more explicit. However, he must go at once. The calmness he had felt before deserted him now. He was trembling with impatience.

He went to the marquis and told him that he had just received an unexpected summons into the country. He was compelled to postpone the requested interview, and asked him if he could spare him for a few days. He received a reply in the affirmative. Then Gabriel procured a time-table and found that if he started immediately he would reach the rectory that same night.

"Thank Heaven," he cried, "for I could not have slept! I can bear no more suspense."

It was an express train; yet even as it rushed along it seemed too slow for him. He wondered what awaited him at Norham. Was it wealth and love, or disappointment rendered a thousand times more keen by this new hope? Would Norham never be reached? During the long journey he took no refreshment. He had never before understood what fiery impatience meant; but he knew now.

At length he arrived at Norham, and when the fly drew up at the Bishop's Arms, he saw the rector awaiting him. Mr. Bourne came forward and shook him by the hand.

"My wife wished me to come and meet you," he said. "She thought you would come by the fast express and would like to see me at once."

Gabriel could not speak; he tried to frame a question, but from his white lips there came no sound. The rector looked at him anxiously.

"You have traveled quickly; and I hope every expectation of yours will be realized."

Still not a word came from Gabriel's lips; and the rector, looking at him closely, saw that he was unable to speak.

"I did not care to raise your hopes too much," he went on; "but I think we have good news for you. You did not tell us the names for which you were searching, so we cannot be quite sure; but the missing part of the register for which you looked so long and so vainly is found."

He stopped abruptly, for a gasping sigh came from Gabriel's lips, and the rector saw that for a few moments he must say no more.

Nor was he surprised to hear the young man standing beside him sob out in a hoarse tone something about his mother, his mother's honor, his mother's fair fame.

The kindly rector walked on a little; he would not be a spy upon the young man's natural outburst of emotion. When it was over, he went back to him.

"I cannot of course tell you," he said, "whether what you seek is in it or not, but the missing portion of the register is found."

"Where was it found?" asked Gabriel, still unable to say much.

"It is rather a strange story. It appears that the last marriage that the old rector solemnized was that of a private soldier named John Jenkins, whose regiment was ordered to India, and who had permission to get married and take his wife with him. He belonged to a decent family at Norham, and had been home on leave of absence for a few weeks. He had fallen in love with pretty Jenny Roberts, who thought it a grand thing to marry a soldier, and go abroad with him. Yesterday," continued the rector, "Jennie Jenkins came back to Norham—a widow with five children; and one of the first things she did was to go to the rectory and see the old housekeeper there. They gossipped together about old times, and Jennie mentioned that her marriage was the last the rector officiated at—he died very soon afterward. The woman's statement brought the story of the lost register to the housekeeper's mind, and she told Jennie of it.

"'I remember,' said Jennie, excitedly—'I remember well that the book was old and torn. I recollect that, when we had signed our names and the rector raised it in his hands, some leaves fell out, and he picked them up.—I heard him say to some one—I think it was my husband: "I must take these leaves home and put them in their proper place." What makes me remember it so well is that my husband often talked about it and said what a careless way it was of keeping the church books.'

"The housekeeper's face grew pale with excitement.

"'Are you quite sure of all that, Jennie?' she asked.

"'Yes, quite sure—for this reason: The rector had christened me when I was a baby, and had always been very kind to me. When I was leaving the churchyard—we stood against the gates, my husband and I—he came up to me and bade me good-bye, telling me that he hoped I should always be a good girl, and that I must write to him when I reached India. While he was talking to me I was looking at the leaves he held in his hand and thinking; for I feared that the leaf containing my own marriage might be among them. Then he went into the house.'

"'According to that, then,' said the housekeeper, 'the leaves were lost in the house and not in the church. If that be the truth, the search has been made in the wrong place. I must tell the rector; for whoever finds the leaves will be rich for life.'

"They came to me, and Jennie repeated her declaration that she had seen the rector holding the leaves in his hands. That proved clearly to my mind that they were in the house somewhere. I came here almost directly after the rector's death, and I know that while I had been here none of the church-papers had been destroyed. I was far too careful. I made all possible inquiries about the few days that had elapsed between the rector's death and my arrival; but no one could remember having seen any register leaves about, nor could any one remember having destroyed any.

"I begged the housekeeper to keep herself calm and collected, and try to bring back to her memory the day of her late master's death, and all that happened immediately after it. She did so; and I was surprised at the many details that came to her mind. One thing she could not remem-

ber, and it was who had cleared and arranged the sitting-room here after the rector's death. I do not know whether I have told you that the rector died suddenly as he was sitting alone after dinner. His books and papers were strewn all over the table; and the more I thought of it the more feasible it seemed to me that the loose leaves had been lying there, too. I felt convinced of it. It seemed so natural that, when he carried them home, he would lay them upon the table, and that they were still lying there when he died.

"There was this, however, to be remembered: Even if the leaves had been lying there, they might have been destroyed. An ignorant person on seeing them would never imagine them to be of the least use, and might either burn or throw them away but an intelligent person would see at once that they were of value and would save them. I wondered which of the two things had happened. The housekeeper did remember this much, that all the books and papers lying on the table had been cleared away together, and that she herself was not the person who had cleared them.

"We resolved upon making a thorough search in the house—a systematic search, so conducted that nothing should be overlooked. That search we began three days ago. I can only hope it was a successful one for you. Every drawer, every cupboard, every shelf was overhauled. I need not keep you longer in suspense, the register leaves were found in an old oak chest which had not been opened for many years, and which stood in an unused loft. It was filled with rubbish—worm-eaten papers, all kinds of odds and ends; but underneath all lay the loose leaves of the lost register. My wife was greatly moved at the result; she fell upon her knees and thanked Heaven when she saw them."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

IN the after years Gabriel never remembered how he reached the rectory. There was but one more ordeal for him, and that was whether on one of the leaves he should find the name "Lewis Carlisle" and "Hilary Nairne"; if not—— But he would not, could not believe in a misfortune so terrible. Why should he doubt now when Heaven had been so good to him?

Mrs. Bourne came forward to meet him.

"I have been impatient to see you Mr. Holmes," she said. "I hope after all our searchings, we have something to remove your anxiety. I have placed the lost leaves on the table in the drawing room. I thought perhaps you would like to look over them alone."

Blessing her in his heart for her delicate act, he went into the room and closed the door.

She had judged rightly: that the eyes of a stranger should witness his despair if he failed to find what he was seeking or his happiness if he did find it, would have been more than he could bear. He never forgot the pretty drawing-room, with its long, open windows, white lace curtains, and sweet-smelling flowers.

There the leaves lay, dirty, crumpled, half moldy, worm-eaten. His heart gave a bound when he saw them. But before he touched them, before he laid one finger on them he knelt down and prayed for calmness to bear the best or the worst.

He trembled and his face grew pale when he took the leaves in his hands and looked at them. Yes, they were the right ones! There was the year 18—, and the different months. He looked for the last marriage. It was there, duly entered—"John Jenkins" and "Jennie Roberts." And then, with a beating heart, with a rushing sound in his ears, with a mist of tears blinding his eyes, he read the names "Lewis Carlisle" and "Hilary Nairne."

At first the letters swam before him and he could scarcely distinguish them; then he could see them clearly. The entry was correct in every particular—the names, the date, the signature of the old rector, Doctor Haythorne, and that of Jane Holmes.

He held it at last—that which established his mother's fair fame—he thought of that first—which gave him his birthright, which made him Lord Ardean of Barton Abbey, and which would give him courage to ask for the hand of the girl whom he loved.

He fell upon his knees again, with a low cry of gratitude to Heaven, and tears such as he had never shed for his sorrows, rained down his face. His mother's honor was saved. She could call him "son" now. She could announce to the world that she had been the wife of Lewis Carlisle. No one could sneer at her fair fame now. The short, sad story of her love, her marriage, her husband's sudden death would win for her the sympathy of all who heard it. His heart beat tumultuously and he trembled violently. It seemed to him almost as though the end of his life had come.

He was absent so long that at last the rector and his wife grew alarmed; and, fearing that something had happened to him, they opened the door and found him lying with his face on the ground and the leaves clasped tightly in his hands.

"Is it joy that has almost killed him, or has he swooned from bitter disappointment? I should like to know the result," said Mrs. Bourne, as they raised him.

The rector poured some brandy between his white lips.

"Joy seldom kills," observed the rector; "and I refuse to believe that he has been disappointed again. We shall know soon."

In a few minutes Gabriel looked round him in wonder.

"Have I been ill?" he asked.

"Your happiness was too much for you," said the rector, kindly. "You have found what you wanted—is it not so?"

"Yes," answered Gabriel, "you are right—I have found it. I have found that which gives me mother, wealth, a noble name, and if Heaven prospers me, a wife! You must forgive me if I cannot be rational or sensible just yet."

"Have you thanked Heaven for it?" asked the rector.

"I have. And now let me thank you. It is to your untiring activity and energy, your disinterested kindness, that I owe all. I will repay you in a way worthy of it; and the two good women, the housekeeper and Jennie, shall not be forgotten. The reward shall be doubled and divided between them. Now what shall I do about the registration? I will copy the entry, and you shall attest it for me."

"That will be the best plan," said the rector; "but, before we do that, let us take the leaves to the church and fasten them in their place—that seems to me an act of reparation and justice."

The three went together to the quaint old church where the sunlight was streaming through the stained-glass windows. They entered the vestry, and once more the rector drew out the keys and opened the iron safe, once more he took out the old register; and there was something like tears in his eyes when he saw how exactly the missing leaves fitted in the place from which they had fallen.

"We will fasten them at once," observed the rector, "and I am heartily glad they have been found. The register will now be pretty nearly complete."

"We ought to have the bells rung," said Mrs. Bourne, "in honor of a most happy event."

When the missing leaves had been inserted, the copy of the entry was made. The rector signed it, and sent for the clerk, who also attested it. The man seemed to be very anxious to hear all the particulars of the search; and Gabriel divined his motive.

"You shall be rewarded," he said. "I have not forgotten your zealous search when I was here before. You shall not be forgotten, nor the groom, Tom Benton, either—you shall all have cause to bless the day on which the missing register-leaves were found. I shall come back again before long, and you may trust me."

The young man turned with murmured words of blessing on his lips. He looked once more at the sunlight as it came through the old stained-glass windows. He had suffered more in that little church than tongue could tell; and now his joy was inexpressible.

Once more he stood out in the golden sunlight with the paper in his hand that was all the world to him. He knew that it would be impossible for him to return to London that night, so he accepted Mr. Bourne's hospitality and remained at the rectory; but he could not sleep—he was too excited. He did not think much of himself. He did not dwell on the fact that he was Lord Ardean—that he was rich, and henceforth could live in luxury. He thought of his mother and Lady May.

Even now he would have given up every hope and renounced his expectations, however, rather than that the knowledge of his mother's early marriage should make the earl angry with her or mistrustful of her.

In the morning he started for London, and, after what seemed to him an interminable journey, arrived there the same afternoon. He felt that he must go at once to Holme House. He could not keep the news from his mother for another hour.

He went without delay; but the countess was engaged at the moment, and sent to ask him to wait.

"He bade me good-bye in a perfect frenzy of despair," she said to herself. "I cannot think what has brought him back. Surely, there is no fresh sorrow awaiting him?"

Lady May, quite unconscious that Gabriel was in the house, went into the room where he was waiting. She blushed crimson, and then looked up in mute wonder. What change had come over Gabriel? Where was the sorrow, the restraint that had lately made him such a puzzle to her? This was no despairing lover, no diffident wooer, who came forward to greet her with a bright smile. Even the tone of his voice had changed: it was ringing with the happiness of youth.

"I dare not touch your hand, Lady May," he said, frankly; "if I did—— Well, never mind the reason—I dare not just yet."

"Do you call that polite, Gabriel?" she asked.

"No, but I call it honest. In my present frame of mind, feeling as I do, if I touched your hand I should keep it and never let it go again—even if I did no worse?"

"Gabriel," she said severely, "it is unlike you to talk such nonsense."

"It is simply because I have never had a chance, Lady May."

Just then the door opened and a servant came to say that the Countess would see Mr. Holmes in her boudoir.

Gabriel apologized to Lady May for having to leave her, and then, trembling with emotion, went to the boudoir where his mother sat awaiting him.

"My dearest Gabriel," she said, "I am sorry to have kept you—"

But the words died on her lips. She started from her seat, and laid her hands on his shoulders.

"My dear, what has happened? What do I read in your face?" she cried.

He clasped her in his arms and laid his head on her shoulder.

"Mother, I have found it."

He could say no more; and so they stood for some minutes locked in a close embrace.

"Dearest mother," he said then, looking at her tenderly. "I have found it at last—found that which clears your fair fame and gives me my inheritance."

Pale and bewildered, Lady Lulworth took the copy of the marriage registration from his hands and read the record of the union that had been the folly of her youth.

He made her sit down in an easy-chair, and then knelt at her feet.

"Listen to me, mother," he said. "That paper will give me wealth, my birthright, and my love; but at one word from you I will tear it into shreds. If you think that the disclosure of this story will make the earl angry with you, lessen his love for you, or cause a coldness to arise between you, I will forego everything, and your marriage, my dearest mother, shall remain a secret between ourselves."

The Countess of Lulworth looked steadily at her son: the generosity and nobility of his conduct touched her greatly.

"No; I would not let you make such a sacrifice for me. If this record of my marriage had not been found, I should have been selfish enough to let you carry my secret with you to the grave, for it would have been useless without it to put forward your claim; but, now that we are in possession of it, my dear, you shall have your rights, you shall have your inheritance. I ask but one thing—let me tell my husband myself, and let me tell him at once. Do not leave the house again until I have sent for you. He is a noble and a generous man; he will forgive me the folly of my youth for my son's sake. I will go to him now, Gabriel, lest my courage should fail me later on. I will not lose a moment. Pray for me while I go." She rose and kissed him, saying, "Wait until I send for you, Gabriel."

She pressed her hands on her breast as she walked through the corridors. She would not give herself time to think; she would not remember what she was about to risk. Her son should have his inheritance.

When she touched the handle of the door of the earl's apartment, for a moment her courage left her and her heart seemed to stand still; then she went in resolutely.

The earl was sitting at his writing-table, busily engaged, his refined, patrician face bent over his work. He looked up at the pale, beautiful woman who stood before him with her hand on her bosom. Then she knelt down at his side, and, taking his hands in hers, kissed them.

"Godfrey," she said, "you have been the noblest, the kindest, the most generous of husbands. I have come to you to tell you the story of the folly of my youth. It is more bitter than death to me to have to tell it, but justice and honor bid me speak."

And with her golden head bent in all humility before him, she told him the story of her marriage and its consequences, little guessing how her confession would affect him.

CHAPTER XXXIV

IT was not much after noon when Lady Lulworth had gone to her husband's room; but the ormolu clock in her boudoir had chimed three, and as yet no message had come from her to Gabriel. He was anxious and distressed. He longed to go to her help, yet he did not like to intrude. But when four o'clock struck he could bear the suspense no longer. He felt that he must go, no matter what the earl said or thought. It was his own mother, and he must go to her help. No man living should be cruel to her.

He went to the earl's room, and when he came near the door he heard the sound of low, deep-drawn sobs. His heart beat fast. No man should make his mother shed tears. He would go in and throw his arms round her and take her away.

He rapped at the door, but no answer came; he rapped again, but the sound of passionate weeping did not cease. Then he opened the door.

"My Lord," he said, in a grave firm voice, "may I come in? I have something to say."

The earl's face darkened into frown when he saw him.

Gabriel closed the door and advanced into the room. He saw his mother kneeling at her husband's feet, sobbing as though her heart would break. She looked up when the sound of her son's voice reached her ears, and stretched out her hands to him.

"By heaven! this is intolerable!" exclaimed the earl.

Gabriel went to his mother's side and threw his arms around her, murmuring loving words; then he turned to Lord Lulworth.

"My Lord," he said simply, "do not be angry. Let me plead for my mother."

"My wife requires no one to plead her cause," returned the earl, proudly, yet with some softening of the fierce lines around his mouth.

"My lord, you have always been kind to me. Will you listen to me? Do not be angry. My mother was so young, and she had no mother of her own. She knew not what was best to do; and it was Lady Kilmore who forced her to keep her first marriage secret, who made her promise never to reveal it," Gabriel's voice faltered for a moment; and then he went on, bravely, "it was only an error of judgment on her part. Not the least blame can rest on her."

"I know, I know!" said the earl, impatiently. "The only thing that grieves me is that I was not told of this before. It would have, perhaps, pained me a little at the time; but I should have soon forgotten it. It is the long years of studied concealment that wound me. How can I ever trust man or woman again? I believed that every thought of my wife's heart lay open before me."

"But think, sir, of the pain to her. She is so frank, so loyal by nature."

"It has been greater pain to me than I could ever tell," sobbed the countess. "I begged of my aunt to let me tell you, Godfrey, but she would not. I have never been happy one moment since," she cried, the tears raining down her cheeks. "Try to forgive me, dear. I have been a true, loving, faithful wife to you; I love you with all my heart, and respect you. Oh, forgive me for having kept this folly of my youth from you!"

"Will you listen to me, my lord, for one moment?" said Gabriel. "The mischief need not go any further. This secret of my dear mother need never be known. Her happiness and welfare are dearer to me than anything on earth can be; and I promise you most faithfully, if you will forgive my mother, if you will take her to your heart again, that the secret shall remain with us three. I can well understand that you would shrink from all mention of it, that you would not like the attention of the world drawn to the story. I will relinquish all claim to my birthright if you will forgive my mother."

The earl looked at him steadily.

"This is a noble offer," he said; "but the question is, do you mean it?"

"Do I mean it?" cried Gabriel, with bitter scorn. "Assuredly I do! Why, I would cut my right hand off for my mother! I have told you that her happiness is the dearest thing in life to me."

"Well," said the earl slowly, "I will take you at your word. You will renounce all pretentions to the Ardean title and estate, you will never reveal to any creature living the secret of your birth, if I forgive your mother?"

Gabriel's face brightened.

"I thank Heaven and you, my lord, that I can prove my love for my mother! I will pledge you my word to keep the conditions most faithfully. And you will keep yours? You will never reproach my mother, you will never even mention the subject to her, and you will be just as you were before?"

"Yes," answered the earl, still looking steadfastly at him, "I will keep my word."

"Then, my lord, give me the happiness of seeing you take my mother into your arms and kiss her."

"There can be no changing your mind after that, Gabriel."

"I shall not, my lord. To prove my sincerity, and to show you that my mother's happiness is my dearest wish, I am ready to leave England this day, never to return. Will that content you?"

"Yes," was the brief reply.

"Then," said Gabriel, simply, "kiss my mother, my lord, and I will go."

The earl raised her in his arms and kissed her tenderly, in response to her son's request.

"My darling Hilary, the past shall be forgotten, and nothing shall live between us but true, fond, and faithful love!" He kissed her passionately and held her close to his breast. "My wife, my darling, we have been but three hours estranged, yet it seems to me years."

"Heaven bless you, my lord!" said Gabriel. "Make my mother happy."

To his great surprise the earl threw one arm round his neck.

"I was but trying you, Gabriel. Do you think I would really make so vile a bargain. Do you think I would part so devoted a son from so loving a mother? My dearest boy, I envy her such a son. You shall be my son, too. I will show my love for my wife by my love for you. Shake hands with me, Gabriel, Lord Ardean. I am pleased to be the first to give you your title, and I will help you to prove it."

"But my mother, sir—will she like her story made known?"

"I will manage that. I will make it known that the marriage was concealed because of family matters, and that the reason for the secrecy no longer exists. In this busy work-a-day world, Gabriel, no one will stop to ask what the reason was."

Lord Lulworth was silent for a few moments; then he continued:

"To every one whom the affair interests we will tell the plain truth. We will have no more concealment. My dear wife shall never again live with a sword hanging over her head. Ah, what is this?"—a servant had knocked and entered with a telegram.

It was a message from Cyril, who was extremely ill, and begged that Mr. Holmes would go to him at once.

"I shall tell him who I am to-night, if he is well enough to listen," said Gabriel.

Then he left his mother and the earl to go to the dying man, whose name and place he was so soon to take.

What Lady May thought of the intelligence Gabriel did not know until afterward. By the earl's wish his wife told her at once. She listened with no less pleasure than amazement.

"Yet," she said "why should I be surprised? I have always felt that your love for Gabriel was a thing I could not understand; but I am even more delighted than surprised."

CHAPTER XXXV.

AN hour later Cyril had heard the strange story of Captain Carlisle's marriage—Gabriel had told him all. His surprise was unbounded, though he confessed that he had always thought there was something singular in the seeming infatuation which the whole Lulworth family had for his friend.

Cyril saw clearly that this claim was indisputable. They talked until after midnight; and then, with his dim eyes fixed upon the kindly face of his friend, said:

"Gabriel I shall not live much longer; all will soon be over with me. I want you to do two favors for me. One is to send early in the morning for my solicitors, that there may be no difficulty as regards your succes-

sion; and I should like to make my will and leave you all I have in the world, besides what will be yours by right; I could leave it to no one whom I love better. The second favor is this—I should like to see Lady May before I die. Could you manage it for me?"

"Yes I am sure she will come," returned Gabriel; "she told me she would."

Early on the following morning the solicitors who had the management of the Ardean estates were sent for; and they were intensely surprised when they heard the story which was told to them under the solemn promise of secrecy—at least, for the time being. They sat with Gabriel, by the sick man's bed, listening to his instructions. He declared that he was thankful to be quit of the burden of the property; he had never cared for it when it was his.

There was a grave expression on the faces of the two lawyers when they bade him farewell; they knew that they were looking upon his face for the last time; the stamp of death was already there.

Some hours later, when the lights were fading from the sky, Cyril Ardean lay dying, and those he loved best were gathered round him. Gabriel knelt at the foot of the bed. The waning light came through the long windows and rested upon the pale face of the dying man. Lady May bent over him and heard what he was saying, for he was rapidly drawing near the shore of the bright land, where there are no farewells.

"We shall know in another world," he said slowly, "what we do not understand in this. It seems so strange. I have done no wrong that I know of; yet Heaven has taken from me my strength, my fortune, and my love. But I shall soon know why it has been done. Still all would have been valueless without you, Lady May." He paused for some moments, breathing heavily; and then he went on." Will you kiss me before I die? I would have given my life at any time for such a mark of favor from you. You have been very kind to me, my beloved. After you rejected my love and sent me away, you still were kind to me. Let me look into your eyes while I pray my last prayer. I wish to see no human face after yours. Close my eyes with your dear hands: let yours be the last face I see on earth. Beloved, come nearer," he added, faintly; "my eyes grow dim. I have said good bye to them all but you. I see you last on earth. May I be the first to greet you in heaven, praying that there if not on earth, we may be together always. Kiss me once before I die."

She bent over him pressing her lips to his brow, and while she kissed him he died.

* * * * * *

The funeral of Cyril took place that same week; and soon afterward, Gabriel, Lord Ardean reigned in his stead. There was some little excitement and sensation over his story. The Marquis and Marchioness of Doone smiled significantly whenever it was alluded to in their presence, so that most people believed that they had known it all along.

It was owing to the earl's tact that the faintest breath of scandal never arose. It was he who wrote the skillfully worked paragraph which appeared in the newspapers, saying how, for family reasons which it was unnecessary to explain, the marriage of Captain Carlisle with Miss Nairne had been kept a profound secret, but that, the need of secrecy no longer existing it was now made public.

The announcement excited some little comment; but it seemed to all who read it that the earl had known of the marriage all the time.

No one raised any opposition to Gabriel's succession, for his right to the title was indisputable.

One of the first to visit at Barton Abbey, was Lady Mary Trevor. She was worn and gray, but she had an intense longing to see him.

"I loved your father," she told him: "and now I understand much of what was strange to me. You are the son of the only man I ever loved; you must be a son to me."

Gabriel was to deeply affected too speak. He bowed over the fair white hand and kissed it.

And the day came when he met Lady May, and told her the secret of his heart. The fair face showed too plainly the joy the confession brought her.

"And you have loved me——"

"All my life," he interrupted—"from the first moment I saw you."

"Then why, if that be true, have you never told me?"

"I dared not, it seemed to me a breach of trust. There was a great difference between us, and Lord Lulworth trusted me too implicitly."

"Ah, Gabriel, you thought meanly of me then—you thought I cared about money and rank?"

"Most truly I believed that you would never care to marry beneath you," he declared.

"Did you think yourself beneath me, Gabriel?"

"I did, and I do. I think every one beneath you, how can I think otherwise? You have always been my ideal of all that is good and beautiful."

"You must not flatter me Gabriel." she interrupted.

"I do not mean it for flattery, but for simple truth," he said. "You will never know what I have suffered May—what anguish, what despair."

There was a faint gleam of mischief in her eyes, though her lips quivered with emotion.

"I am not going to flatter you, Gabriel, I think that, for a poet, you are very—what shall I say? Dare I say it?"

"You shall say what you please," he replied.

"Then I will—stupid; for a poet, you know, is supposed to be quick of apprehension."

Her face changed and became grave, and her eyes grew dim with tears.

"Did you never guess the truth! Oh, Gabriel, tell me—did you never guess the truth?"

"What truth?" he asked.

"What truth?" she replied. "There has never been but one truth for me—that I have always loved you as you have loved me."

"Always!" he questioned.

"Yes, always. Love of you has ever been part of my life; but I have also always been vexed that you never spoke of your love, and did your best, as I have seen, to stifle it,"

"There will be no more mistakes between us now, my darling!" said Gabriel, "may I take you now to my mother, and tell her that the dream of my life is realized at last?"

How delighted the earl was when he heard of the proposed union!

"It is the only thing wanting to complete the happiness of my life," he said.

Nor was the countess less content; while Lady Kilmore, who loved both Gabriel and his betrothed, often marvelled at the great happiness that had resulted from what seemed a life's mistake.

[THE END]

Marion's Men.

BY BERTIE RAYLE.

IN the most desolate and gloomy time of the Revolution, when Carolina overrun by British force, weakened and betrayed by her own sons, fettered and curbed by armed posts and fortresses, and seathed by the remorseless forays of her haughty invaders, lay trembling and paralyzed at the feet of the British lion: when her best and bravest were prisoners in the hulks of St. Augustine, and resistance was at an end; then Francis Marion, and a few kindred spirits, betook themselves to the unhealthy and impregnable retreats of the forests, and the spark of hope still faintly glimmered in the hearts of those brave men. Unceasing war, till the last red coat left the soil, was Marion's determination, and well did he carry it out. His name was a perfect terror, and gallantly did he maintain his character.

After a long and weary march through the centre of what is now Charleston district, the second and third companies of the forty-seventh infantry, and a battalion of loyalists, who had that morning left Monk's Corner, at length reached the Santee:

Officers and men alike, fatigued, even the strict discipline of the British service could scarce keep them in their regular array. Never was there a greater collection of miscreants, and their roar of drunken and brutal laughter, oaths, and execrations, at length drew the attention of the commander of the detachment.

Orders were given for the volunteers to fall back, and wait until the regulars had passed the ferry.

As the boat was small and the stream very rapid, they were a long time passing over.

The ferryman, a low, dark-visaged, very spare and muscular, though small-framed man, with the negroes who assisted him, carried over the major of the first company, and, as he was about to return, the officer detained him to obtain information.

He asked if he were well affected to the royal cause. The dark eye of the ferryman lit up with a sudden spark, and his lip quivered as he answered:

"I have suffered enough."

"Well, my good fellow," said the major, "you shall make up for all this when the king enjoys his own again; by the way, have there been many passing this way lately?"

"Not many, sir; but I can tell you who did go by here yesterday afternoon: some one you'd be glad to lay hands on."

"Who was that?—speak out, my man—you'll lose nothing by telling me!"

"Well, then, it was that Horry, that they say was with Marion. He went by here at full speed, grumbling mightily about something or other."

"Aha! then the coast is clear—that's what I wanted to know; he could not tell that we were going to move this morning, and my poor devils of men may sleep sound to-night."

Again that grim smile played across the dark features of the ferryman, but he soon relapsed into his ordinary composure.

A second and third time did the heavily-laden boat work slowly up the wooded bank, and then shooting across the current, land her living freight; but when the order came for the negroes to proceed again for the tories, they positively refused, and betaking themselves to the woods, disappeared in their dark recess.

The ferryman, apparently very angry at their disobedience, dashed into the forest after them.

After awaiting his return for some time, the major ordered some of his own men to row the boat over for the refugees, and with a long delay, they all stood on the left bank of the Santee.

Meanwhile, the flight from the boatman might be seen speeding rapidly through the woods, until he burst through a thicket of small and tangled pines, and stood in a glade of the forest, surrounded by a circle of densest foliage.

Here the negroes awaited him; one busily employed in accoutreing a horse.

The other drew from their hiding-place a light and keen sabre and short rifle, and belted them carefully on the body of his master.

The proud steed was now brought forward, and having glanced at the equipments and felt the girths, Marion, for it was he, vaulted into the saddle, and bidding the negroes take care of themselves, shook the reins and darted forward.

"This day must prove your blood, Selim," said he, as the gallant horse bounded on amid the thickly clustered trees.

Through a succession of such by-paths, ever and anon rousing the wild deer from their coverts, he galloped on, and two good hours passed ere he drew bridle on the bank of Black river.

After a brief breathing pause, he struck his heels into the sides of his foaming steed, and a few minutes of desperate exertion placed them in safety on the opposite side.

Again that rapid courser was urged, till at last he halted, and advanced more slowly to the edge of the Tearcoat swamp.

There stood an immense tulip tree, and beneath its shade, now spreading far to the east in the rays of the setting sun, were picqueted two or three horses.

The riders bounded to their feet at the sound of advancing hoofs, and, with presented rifles, shouted "who goes there?"

"Mar'on," was the reply, in a deep and soul-stirring voice, which rang through the hearts of the soldiers.

"'Tis the general," said the sentinel, rushing forward to seize his bridle, and grasped the hand that kindly met his pressure.

The general dismounted, and throwing the reins of his noble courser into the trooper's hand, said, "Call Roberts, Charles, and let him rub Selim down; and do you hasten to Major Horry, and let him know I want him, and bid the men get ready, for we have something to do to-night."

Hastily the soldier led the horse into the recesses of the woods, and speeded on his way to the quarters of the men.

Shortly after he arrived all was bustle and eager preparation; horses were sought, rubbed, and equipped; flints tried, powder-horns filled, and the moment of departure eagerly expected.

Their leader came forth and the throb and murmur of exultation and eager crowding round him, testified their regard.

The gray suit of coarse country cloth no longer enveloped him, but a dark green rifle frock and horseman's boots and casque, without ornament except a white plume, set off his easy and determined carriage.

He spoke but few words: he told them of the collection of tories, and their march to join the invaders, and while he spoke of those traitors to their country, his bosom swelled and voice heaved with emotion.

The fair moon rose, round and brilliant, on their march, and the bright host of heaven smiled around their queen, as the brave band rode on.

The English commander, unsuspicious of danger, had chosen his resting place for the night at some distance from the disorderly bivouac of the tories, and, having placed a line of sentinels, had caused his men to pile their arms and retire to rest; the polished barrels and bayonets gleamed in the red firelight, while a dark line of bodies showed where the sleeping soldiers lay.

Marion arranged his plans, but waited till late at night ere he put them in execution.

Several of his choicest men, silently, and with great precaution, approached each sentinel, as he carelessly walked backward and forward.

They crept up till within a short distance, and, favored by the weeds and under brush, remained concealed.

Suddenly—a long, sharp whistle, and, in an instant, each of the outposts was mastered, clasped in the strong grip of the assailants, gagged and disarmed. But a single sentinel was able to discharge his piece, and the warning came too late.

A dark line passed swiftly before the eyes of the half-wakened soldiers, and as they spring to their feet, the click of a hundred rifles sounded in their ears, while the trumpet-voice of Marion shouted to surrender or die.

Unarmed and unprepared, the commander thought it madness to resist, as resistance must be bloody and desperate.

"To whom am I to surrender myself?" said he.

"To Francis Marion," was the reply.

At that dreaded name, he instantly submitted, and was ordered to leave the ground, and told that if resistance or communication with the tories was attempted, they would be instantly attacked.

At this moment, a loud and wild cry of surprise and horror sounded from their camp, with the noise of hurrying feet, and crowds were dimly seen rushing by their fires in the confusion of despair. A fugitive from the royal camp had declared that Marion, with a thousand men, was upon them.

The English major naturally supposed, from the tumult, that another body of assailants had attacked the tories, and gave orders to his men to disperse and save themselves.

Himself and his subalterns were detained prisoners by Marion, and when the English had disappeared from the field, he ordered a small detatchment to pursue the tories, and not permit them to unite again.

Eagerly did the avengers rush on to their work, and ever as the loyalists rallied for resistance and reunion, the fatal fire of the pursuers, and the quick tramp of their charge, broke them, and drove them into indiscriminate flight.

For many a weary mile, they fled before the flashing swords of the horsemen; and great as was the number of fugitives but few were slain, for Marion's strict charge was to disperse and alarm, but not to kill.

By the dawn of day, no one remained upon the field, but the few horsemen who guarded the captive English officers.

The troops, disarmed and helpless, had, by Marion's order, taken their course to the place whence they had come, for he was unwilling that by the approaching light, they should see that they had been captured by a force too weak to keep them prisoners.

Deep indeed, was the shame and vexation depicted on the war-worn features of the veteran Englishman, as he saw, by morning's dawn, the rude equipment and undisciplined appearance of his captors.

But his chagrin wore away before the bland and winning manners of Marion; and, when the time came for an exchange of prisoners, the English officers willingly testified that though their fare had been scanty, and their couch hard, they had enjoyed more luxuries than their captors.

More than one pondered, in the blue silence of the starry night, among the moss-covered trees, on the prospects of future success, in a war against such men, and under such auspices.

Such was one scene in the daily life of Marion.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.—Evidence which had appeared sufficient to justify conviction, or even positive execution of sentence, has in some cases turned out to be a simple mistake. The number of these cases is very great. Looking to Europe alone, and not going back more than two centuries, we could bring forward at least two hundred cases, in a large proportion of which sentence has been executed. One of the most interesting is that of Helen Gillet, a young handsome girl, in France, who, in 1625, was condemned to death for infanticide. But public opinion believed so strongly in her innocence that even the executioner had not the courage to strike in cold blood, and thus twice missed his aim. Then a frightful scene ensued. The executioner's wife, fearing her husband might lose his employ, first tried to strangle the girl, and not succeeding, tried to cut off her head with a pair of scissors! The enraged populace interfered by storming the scaffold, killing the executioner and his wife, and liberating her. Her innocence was afterwards proved and she received a free pardon. Another case is that of the Marquis D'Anglade, who, in 1687, was accused of theft, and was, with his wife, a noble, high-spirited woman, thrown into a frightful prison, and, his judges not finding him willing to confess a crime which he never committed, was put on the rack, on which he died under the most agonizing tortures. A year after, his innocence was established beyond doubt. A story very much like the last is that of Jacques Letour, who, in 1689, was accused of murder, and died under his tortures. A month after his death, his complete innocence was proved. All these cases happened in France, yet there is no lack of them in England either. Take, for example, the case of Col. Charteris; he certainly was a wicked scamp, but that did not give the right to the judge and jury to execute him, in 1731, for a crime which he never committed. Or take the other curious case of Jonathan Bradford, who, in 1736, was executed for murder, a case peculiarly instructive. Bradford was so far guilty that he had the intention of committing the crime, but found the work done by another before him. The real murderer confessed on his death bed, eighteen months after. The case, however, of John Jennings, who was executed in Hull, in 1762, for a highway robbery of which he was altogether guiltless, is quite as strong an argument against the infallibility of the "twelve good men and true." Yet in England, poor, innocent John Jennings is not half so much lamented as Joseph Lesurques, who was innocently convicted and executed for highway robbery and murder, in 1796, and whose story has been made up in novels, ballads, and melo-dramatic shows, over and over again.

ANCIENT ELECTIONS.—In old Scandinavia, the chief of a province, chosen by the assembled people, was thereupon "elevated amid the clash of arms and the shouts of the multitudes;" and among the ancient Germans he was carried on a shield. Recalling, as this ceremony does, the chairing of somebody newly elected up to recent times, and reminding us that originally among ourselves election was by show of hands, we are taught that the choice of a representative was once identical with a choice of a chief. Our Houses of Congress have their roots in local gatherings like those in which uncivilized tribes select head warriors. Besides conscious selection, there occurs among rude peoples selection by lot. The Samoans, for instance, by spinning a cocoa-nut, which on coming to rest points to one of the surrounding persons, thereby single him out. Early historic races supply illustrations; of the Hebrews in the affairs of Saul and Jonathan, and of the Homeric Greeks when fixing on a champion to fight with Hector. In both these last cases there was belief in supernatural interference; the lot was supposed to be divinely determined. And probably at the outset, choice by lot for political purposes among the Romans, as, also, in later times, the use of the lot for choosing deputies in some of the Italian republics, and in Spain, was influenced by a kindred belief; though doubtless the desire to give equal chances to rich and poor, or else to assign without dispute a mission which was onerous or dangerous, entered into the motive or was even predominant. Here, however, the fact to be noted is, that this mode of choice which plays a part in representation may also be traced back to the usages of primitive peoples.

LONDON says the high heel is bad style.

MADRIGALS.

I.

"I will go with you," she said;
And they passed out under the limes,
On the eve that they were wed,
To the sound of angelus chimes.

The maiden sang as she went,
And looked into his face and smiled—
"Beloved! are you content
I am more of lover than child?"

There was a song in her eyes,
So dusky, so loyally brown:
Like rain from the summer skies
He showered his kisses down.

The song on her lip was spent,
And he murmured there as he stood,
"Beloved! I am content
That thy love is stronger than blood."

II.

A cot on the rim of the sea,
Vines drooping over the eaves,
With bleating of goats on the lea,
And rustle of mulberry leaves.

But little of luxury there,
Little of silver in store;
And little of sorrow or care—
Spoil of the deep, and no more.

She spread out his nets on the sands,
Heavy with damp and with lead,
And, like a white beckoning hand,
The gull flashed by overhead.

"He will come to me soon!" "He is here!"
Superb in ruddy brown health;
And gaily he lilts in her ear,
"Our love is better than wealth."

III.

The Monarch rode by with his train,—
Our Victor gallant and good—
At the gate he drew in his rein,
And greeted her as she stood.

She gave him to drink in his need;
He blessed as a father might bless,
"Oh, daughter of Italy freed,
Be happiness thine, no less."

He blessed her, and passed on his way,
A glow on his war-worn face,
And lingered forever and aye
The dream of a king in his place.

Then one at her side whispered low,
"Beloved! 'tis late—very late!"
She turned, with her eyes all aglow,
"Our love is better than state."

IV.

Like sound of a scythe in the grass
The tempest is sweeping to-night;
It beats like a hand on the glass—
The hand of a ghost in a fright.

It knocks like a foe at the door,
It wails like the souls of the damned;
It buffets the rocks on the shore,
It tears at the trees on the land.

"O Maid-Mother, Star of the Sea!
O Mary, sweet Mother of God!
Why lookest thou coldly on me?
My love, oh my love, is abroad.

I lift up my baby to thine,
His baby that came with the year;
Immaculate Mother Divine,
My love is stronger than fear."

V.

The sea lies as calm in the light
As zephyr-swept meadow might be;
Or infant that dreams in the night,
And smiles at the sweet mystery.

And only the wrecks on the shore,
The foam and the seaweed piled high,
Are left to record, and no more,
The war of the sea and the sky.

She gazes afar on the deep,
Her heart all a-tug and a-strain;
Her dry eye refuses to weep
The flood of her passion and pain.

A shadow falls over the sand—
A shadow, a jubilant shout—
A kiss and a clasp of the hand,
"Our love is stronger than doubt."

—WALDO MESSAROS.

Phila., Sept. 8, 1881.

Black Eyes.

BY ROSE KINGSLEY.

LUSCIOUS DAYS are those summer days, many of them: when one can loll on the grass, and look up through the apple-bough canopy into the blue deep of heaven; when the breeze coquets so pleasantly with your hair, and quickens just a little the tripping of your pulse; and the sunlight dances in checkered gleams down upon the patches of grass.

"Aha!" said Kittles, throwing himself across the verdure at full length, "now I'll take a drop of comfort, won't I?"—and he gazed all around over the landscape, and looked to see if a stray bug or spider lay in wait on the grass, and then threw his eyes up into the sky. How very clear and blue it was!

"Yes, this is the place; now let me have the good of my own humors!".

The pleasant shadow of an apple-tree encircled him completely.

Not far from the spot ran a rather low hedge of buckthorn and brambles.

Just behind sloped a gentle declivity down—down, till it flattened into a tame meadow, where cattle grazed and a little brook bubbled and swam. The wind of the dreamy afternoon toyed with his hair, and he swept it back rather impatiently from his forehead.

"Let me enjoy it all—all!" said he. "Oh, if I had but one friend to share it with me!"

No one ever knew what giddy courses his truant thoughts may have run, while he lay stretched in the shade of that apple-tree. No one can tell where they began, and whither went on. But somehow at this point they brought themselves up, at last.

He drew from his bosom a bit of paper, and carefully unfolded it. What could it contain? A love-letter, was it? Could your quick eye detect the delicate lines of a lady's hand across he page? Was he about to carry it passionately to his lips, in the spirit of frenzy without which no man can be a lover?

This was not it. No; he began to read it; to read it aloud.

It looked like a careful transcript of verses, done in a very legible, round, running hand. The verses were his own. Ah, that was the secret, at last! He was only a vagabond of a poet, who had strolled away into the enticing solitudes of the country, and longed simply to be left alone with himself and his rhymes. So to himself and the winds he read aloud the rhymes. They were all in praise of black eyes.

There was a slight—a very slight crackling just over the hedge of buckthorn and bramble, as if some one, or something might be trying to get away unnoticed. He turned his head quickly. As he did so he caught a view of a white dress in among the green leaves; and just above it, of a pair of eyes looking over the top of the emerald wall.

They were black!

Should he—what should he do? His thoughts could not help him out at all; they palsied his powers utterly. But he could not run, timid as poets are generally supposed to be; that would never do. He could not sit there in that attitude, and those dark, glowing, merry, piercing eyes still looking straight into his own; if retreat were cowardice, this would be rudeness. The bewitching eyes were, at the most, but a few feet from his own.

He saw what he thought a veritable myth. She could hardly be flesh and blood; so proudly, so gracefully, so sweetly looked her face to him,—and those dark eyes flashing quick and subtle intelligence to his own.

Her lips slowly parted. The smile, scarcely kept in its leash before, now broke away and gamboled gladly over her entire face. Such a face as it was! It recalled the dim and indistinct images of his flushed and unquiet dreams. And two rows of pearly teeth disclosed themselves, making the vision more dazzling still.

"And so you are quite undecided in your mind between the black and the blue? Excuse me, sir, I pray you! I was an unwilling listener!"

The tone was so clear, so rich, so melting,—she had his pardon long before it was asked. She spoke so fluently, and in a voice and with a gesture of such innocence, and tossed her beautiful head on one side with such a very killing dexterity,—who is the man with a heart, that would have been invulnerable?

Well,—and the acquaintance then and there began; and from that moment, so brimming with excitement to the sensitive soul of the young poet, it went on. They talked together quite a half hour. It was a half hour full of wild happiness. He was astonished to discover the richness of the fancy of the fair unknown. He grew enraptured, listening to her eloquent words, burning their way into his heart. His pulse ran like wildfire, at the low lute-like, musical tones in which her words flowed, as in a liquid, unbroken current.

Yes, she was a poet, too. Did she write verses? Perhaps not; still the soul of the poet,—quick in its sensibilities, and deeply generous in its appreciation,—was wholly there. How telegraphic then were the inner communications between them!

Little sleep came to poor Kittles' eyes, that night; and all for the walk in the quiet orchard behind the house. The face—the smile—the eyes of the unknown lady, were continually present to him. They haunted him, though making him anything but unhappy. They drove sleep away from his lids. He got up and sat for hours at his open window, watching the white moon.

The next afternoon, he was in his favorite haunt again. But this time she was there before him! She thought herself really interested in this pensive poet, whose struggles in coming to a decision between the merits of black eyes and blue, were so much to be commiserated. Possibly she was an ambitious fairy,—another Cleopatra,—bent on converting him to the decided and bewitching color of her own.

There she was attired in that same white muslin robe. She had a book in her hand, and was seated beneath the self-same apple-tree, lost among its absorbing pages. Who she was, he had not asked. It would have dissolved the delight of the romance. Enough that she was a boarder for a few of the summer weeks, in the adjoining house, whose grounds neighbored upon the little orchard to which he had taken so affectionately.

She affected to start, on hearing his footstep; but immediately recovered quite all her usual self-possession, and replied to his address with ease and cordiality. And again those eyes looked—he certainly thought so—straight into his soul

"You see I have slipped through the little wicket yonder, and encamped on your own ground. I hope you will not object." And she opened her book as if to read to him from its pages, motioning him to sit down near her.

Did he stammer? Did he try to say everything, and really say nothing! Did he enact the part of a pantomime, moving his head and hands just when and where he would not? Yes, he certainly did all these things; and did them well, too!

She read to him. It was a book of poems—her own favorites. Ah! it was that ensnaring voice, gushing like a soft wave of music over his heart!

They talked, or rather she talked, and he listened; listened like the dumb man he was. The talk was of poetry, of sentiment, of feeling, of fancy. Was it any wonder, then, that it had somewhat to do with the universal passion? That it bordered closely on Love?

The train laid in his captive heart was instantly fired. It warmed his whole nature. The thoughts he had nursed would brerk over their bounds. His feelings would assert their supremacy. His tongue was unloosed, and he gave utterance to his passion in fervid and glowing language.

He had approached the point which is the crisis with all zealous lovers, even though they are with as brief an experience as his: he was on his knees: the words were on his lips—those feverish lips!

"Mother! dear mother!"

It was a child's voice, soft as that of the summer wind among the leaves of the old apple-tree. It called again—"Mamma! Mother!"

"My little girl is calling after me!" interrupted the unknown fair, rising in haste to meet her affectionate offspring.

Well, and Kittles got up. What less could he do? And while the "light of his eyes" went searching in the shrubbery of the adjoining garden for her little estray, the enamored poet vanished swiftly, very like a ghost, in the vista of the apple-trees!

He decided for the blue. Blue was to be his sure color thereafter!

"A married woman!" whispered he to himself, with fearfully pale lips; "who would have thought it! And so full of poetic fancies! And such eyes!"

Poor Kittles!—yes, and such eyes!

STRANGE PEOPLES.—The Niam-niams of Africa are said to have tails, a statement confirmed in 1851. The "hairy people" mentioned of old seem to have a real existence, apart from the gorilla, judging from account of the Ainos of Japan, a strange, savage, and little known race, supposed to be the aborigines of that country, but now only to be found in the island of Yezo. They are of a most ferocious aspect, owing the profusion of their thick, soft, black hair and beards, and to the singular fact that their bodies are commonly covered with a vigorous growth of black hair or fur, upward of an inch in length, and incrusted with dirt, for the Ainos never wash. Their food is "a stew of abominable things," and "a thick soup made of putty-like clay, which is boiled with the bulb of a wild lily." They believe themselves to be descended from dogs, but other characteristics of this strange people are not unamiable. Beyond these instances, there are the Veddas of Ceylon, who are described as aborigines, who have shrunk into the jungle and forest to escape from civilization, and have lived there for upward of 2,000 years. They construct no habitations, but lodge in caves or trees or trees or under overhanging rocks. They are stunted in size, seldom exceeding four feet eight inches in stature, and but feebly built, except as regards their arms, which the constant use of the bow renders very muscular, notwithstanding their short, apelike thumbs. With this weapon they kill animals for food; devouring besides, snakes, reptiles, wild honey, ants' eggs, and carrion of all kinds. They lack both memory and foresight, cannot count or discriminate between colors, are filthy in their habits, and in everything save a rudimentary language of uncouth guttural sounds, and some dim vestiges of religion and social order, are as low as the beasts of the field. Saddest, perhaps, of all, they never laugh. When they die they believe that they become devils. Yet this benighted and outcast race, so low in organization, habits, and character as scarcely to be distinguished from the monkeys of the jungles among whom they live, practice by instinct virtues which are not too common in civilization. They never lie, steal, nor quarrel. Some of these unfortunate creatures have been half-tamed and set to outdoor work. When the Prince of Wales visited the island in 1876, certain of the jungle Veddas were actually caught in snares and traps to be exhibited to him; and one of the number—a female—positively died of fright in being secured.

ENGLISH MANNERS.—The daily intercourse of families and friends in England is hearty and warm, although not effusive. They are not ready to give the hand to strangers, but very commonly all of a family, including the guests, shake hands on parting for the night, and on meeting in the morning the same greeting is hardly less common. Salutation is universal, even between passing strangers in the country, and while traveling. Men, on leaving a railway car, say "Good morning," or "Good evening," although they had exchanged hardly a word with you on the route. This habit seems to have come down from stage-coach times, and to have been preserved on the railway by the small carriages, or car compartments used in England. The porter or conductor who puts you into your car and hands you your bag, hurried as he is, finds time to say, Good morning, sir." If you are walking on a country road, those whom you meet salute you; the country folk, young and old, male and female, do so always.

WHEN they were lynching a murderer in Idaho he watched the preliminary proceedings for a while with a disgusted expression, and finally remarked: "I don't mind being lynched, but I do hate to be sent to glory in such a bungling manner. You ain't getting half the fun out of the thing. Why, the first lynching I managed was run in better style than this!" And the lynchers felt so ashamed of their greenness that they asked him to take charge of the proceedings, and, like a genial whole-souled fellow, he did it, and they had a lot of fun out of it.

Scientific and Useful

AIR DRAFTS.—If a lamp or candle or a very little fire is kept burning in a fireplace at night, a draft created up the chimney, by which the foulest air in the room is carried out with great rapidity.

FOODS.—The warmest food is probably pea soup. The warmest meat is fresh pork. The warmest drink is tea with ginger in it, which is excellent on long journeys in the cold. Coffee is good too; but wine is bad, and spirits are but temporarily useful.

IRONING TOWELS.—Many persons iron towels, fold them, and place them away before they are thoroughly dry. This is an error, and sometimes leads to results not expected. In this damp condition there is a mould which forms on them called "oidium," one variety of which causes a skin disease known as ring-worm.

STOVES AND HEALTH.—A Baltimore professor has been investigating the effect of cast-iron stoves on the health—whether the stoves do or do not allow deleterious gases to escape. The verdict is in favor of the stoves. He finds that carbonic oxide—the gas alleged to be so deleterious—does not pass through red-hot cast-iron even of the thickness of an eighth of an inch. Moreover a careful examination did not in any one instance detect any deleterious gas given out, by a well-constructed furnace.

MARKING TOOLS.—Much trouble can often be saved by marking tools with their owners' names, which can be easily done in the following manner. Coat the tools with a thin layer of wax or hard tallow, by first warming the steel and rubbing on the wax warm until it flows, and then let it cool. When hard, mark the name through the wax with a graver, and apply weak nitric acid; after a few moments wash off the acid and wipe with a soft rag, when the letters will be found etched into the steel.

LEMONADE AND BILE.—The famous Dr. Hall relates the case of a man who was cured of his biliousness by going without his supper and drinking freely of lemonade. Every morning, says the doctor, this patient arose with a wonderful sense of rest and refreshment, and feeling as though the blood had been literally washed, cleansed, and cooled by the lemonade and the fast. His theory is that food can be generally used as a remedy for many diseases successfully.

STUD-WATCHES.—A watchmaker in this State has completed a set of three gold shirt studs, in one of which is a watch that keeps excellent time, the dial being about three-eighths of an inch in diameter. The three studs are connected by a strip of silver inside the shirt bosom, and the watch contained in the middle one is wound up by turning the stud above, and the hands are set by turning the one below. But perhaps the most remarkable thing about the lilliputian machine is that it works with a pendulum, will set with ease and accuracy in whatever position the timepiece is placed, even if it be turned upside down.

Farm and Garden.

PIGS.—Success in rasing pigs profitably depends upon feeding liberally till the pigs are three or four months old. Let them have the run of a grass or clover pasture, and after the harvest they will do well on the wheat stubble. The cost of raising in this way is very little. In the winter they will need richer food. They should have dry, warm quarters, with plenty of clover.

TO PRESS FLOWERS.—Gather the flowers to be pressed when the dew has quite dried off from them, and before the sun has becomes so warm as to wilt them. Put them between newspapers or any other porous papers, and place them under a press. Change them every day to fresh paper until they are dried. All the thin leaved flowers will be found best to use for this purpose.

GARDEN-WALKS.—Tan bark makes a cool and delightful walk under the shade of trees. It must be laid on dry bottom, or it becomes very unpleasant in wet weather. Slag from furnaces ground up with ashes, is the very best material for garden walks, and the color is far more agreeable in hot weather than gravel. Notwithstanding its color it is not so hot, and it does not pack quite so hard as the regular road material. Sand, on the other hand, though it does not pack at all, is very hot on account of the very hard nature of its particles.

PINE CONES.—On the continent of Europe, cones for kinding fires are used almost universally. There is nothing better with which to kindle a fire. When dry they are readily ignited with a match, and they are free from dust and insects. Two of them are usually enough to start a fire of dry wood, and several will start a coal fire without other kindling. In view of these facts the suggestion is made that possibly a large and profitable business might be done in gathering cones in our pine growing regions and selling them in our large cities.

GROWTH OF TREES.—Careful observation have shown the following to be about the average growth in twelve years of several varieties of hard wood when planted in groves and cultivated: White maple becomes one foot diameter and thirty feet high; ash, leaf maple or box elder, one foot in diameter and twenty feet high; white willow, eighteen inches in diameter and forty feet high; yellow willow eighteen inches in diameter and thirty five feet high; Lombardy poplar, ten inches in diameter and forty feet high; blue and white ash, ten inches in diameter and twenty-five feet high; black walnut and butternut, ten inches in diameter and twenty feet high.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
SIXTY-FIRST YEAR.

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☞As many of our subscribers have not yet taken advantage of our New Premium offers, and yet evince a desire to do so, we have decided to extend the time until further notice.

THE NEW PREMIUMS.

Our DIAMANTE BRILLIANT Premiums are giving such universal satisfaction we sincerely want every reader to have at least one of them. In view of their superior quality, beauty, and general excellence, subscribers who call at this office cannot imagine how we can afford such an expensive Premium. In response to many requests, we beg leave to call attention to the following

TERMS TO CLUBS:

1 copy one year with either of the Diamond Premiums	$2.37
2 copies one year with either of the Diamond Premiums to each	5.00
3 copies one year with either of the Diamond Premiums to each	7.50

and an extra Diamond Premium to the sender of the club, and for every three subscriptions thereafter at the same rate we will present the sender with an additional Premium. The whole set may be secured in this way without expense, and as each subscriber in the club receives THE POST one year and a Premium, a very little effort among friends and acquaintances should induce them to subscribe. If anyone subscribing for THE POST and New Premium regrets the investment after examination, he has only to return the Premium in good order, and he will receive his money by return mail.

Very Respectfully,
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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To Correspondents.

In every case send us your full name and address, if you wish an answer. If the information desired is not of general interest, so that we can answer in the paper, send postal card or stamp for reply by mail.

Address all letters to
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
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SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT. 24, 1881.

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MOTIVES OF CONDUCT.

In all our estimates of human conduct the question of motives ought to occupy a large place. It is true that we can, at the best, make only a guess at the reasons which prompt any special action; yet, if the guess be made with intelligence and charity, we shall usually form a much juster opinion of the quality of the action than if we simply judge it by our own imperfect standard.

Most of the harsh and stern condemnation of faults and errors, and even vices and crimes, comes either from a total neglect of consideration of motives, or from attributing worse motives than really exist. In this respect at least truth and charity go hand in hand; and, while we cannot too earnestly deprecate wrong-doing, we shall arrive at a much truer estimate of the wrong-doer himself if we choose from among the possible motives the least culpable one.

So far as regards self-judgment always remember no one can debase you but yourself. Slander, satire, falsehood, injustice—these can never rob you of your manhood. Men may lie against you, they may denounce you, may cherish suspicions, manifold, they may make your feelings the target of their wit and cruelty—never be alarmed, never swerve an inch from the line your judgment and conscience have marked out for you. They cannot, by all their efforts, take away your knowledge of yourself, the purity of your motives, the integrity of your character, and the generosity of your nature. While these are left you are, in point of fact, unharmed.

As to rules of business conduct, there were four, a wise and good man earnestly recommended in his counsels, and also by his own example, and which he considered essentially necessary for the management of temporal concerns; these are punctuality, accuracy, steadiness, and dispatch. Without the first of these, time is wasted; without the second, mistakes as hurtful to our own credit and interest, and that of others, may be committed; without the third, nothing can be well done; and without the fourth, opportunities of great advantage are lost which it is impossible to recall.

SANCTUM CHAT.

IN an effort to enforce in St. Louis a law against carrying concealed deadly weapons, fines as high as $100 for a pistol, and $200 for a slungshot are being imposed. This movement is made because, out of twenty-five homicides now in the St. Louis jail, all but three became criminals through the habit of going armed.

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THE census bureau promises an early report of the wealth of the country, and it is given out that it will aggregate $60,000,000,000. In 1870 it was $31,000,000,000 in depreciated currency. According to the present standard of values, the latter figures should be scaled to about $24,000,000,000, showing the wonderful increase in ten years of $36,000,000,000, or nearly 150 per cent.

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FOR the year ending July 31 the total volume of the foreign trade of the United States was worth $1,538,000,000, against $1,531,000,000 during the same time in 1879-80. This year the imports were valued at 630,000,000; last year, $683,000,000; exports in 1880, $894,000,000; exports in 1881, $855,000,000. So the year just ended was better for business than the preceding one, because the volume of trade was greater by $7,000,000, and because a greater proportion was made up of exports.

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THE Postoffice Department has ruled that photographs, prints, etc., mailed in wrappers or envelopes open for inspection, can go by mail as third-class matter—one cent for each two ounces. It has been ruled that packages of merchandise, samples, etc., subject to inspection, put up and mailed as fourth-class matter, can have for the purpose of identification, a mark, number, name, or letter, and that any package having more than one of these notations—that is, two marks, two numbers, or two letters, or one of each, will be subject to letter postage.

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THE East Indian Prince of Gondal is a courageous man. He has recently married seven wives on seven successive days, each bride of the preceding day being present at the wedding festival of her rival. But with all his courage he was prudent enough to see to it that each bride received the same presents in jewelry and dresses, and had her compartments arranged like those of her companions. Though none of these brides has yet completed her fifteenth year, it might have been somewhat dangerous to show any favoritism in the matter of wedding presents.

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THIS railroad war demonstrates one thing, and that is the necessity of government regulation of railroad traffic. The long through lines have obliterated State lines, so far as business is concerned, and are national institutions requiring governmental supervision. The fluctuation of rates through the competition of rival roads is disastrous to business interests, and experience has shown that the railroads themselves cannot control this important matter. Congress must now step in, and appoint a committee to fix rates of fare, which shall be changed only after due notice. This will be for the best interest of the roads as well as the public.

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IN 1843 the United States produced 2,000,000 tons of coal, which was about one-ninth of a ton to each inhabitant, while in 1880 about 70,000,000 tons were produced, equal to 1 2-5 tons to each inhabitant. One-ninth is to 1 1-5 as 1 is to 12½. Hence we now use 12½ times as much coal per head of population as we did 38 years ago. This indicates, with a fair degree of accuracy, our industrial progress, it being necessary to make allowance for the fact that a much greater proportion of transportation is now done by power furnished by coal than in the former period, as well as for the additional fact that proportionally more coal is used for domestic purposes than there was in the earlier time.

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THE change in public opinion respecting lotteries is strikingly illustrated by the following entry in the note-book kept by the Rev. Samuel Seabury, father of the first Protestant Episcopal Bishop in the United States: "June, 1768. The ticket, number 5856, by the blessing of God, in the Lighthouse and Public Lottery of New York, appointed by law, Anna Domini, 1763, drew in my favor £500 0s., 0d., of which I received £425 0s., 0d., which the deduction of fifteen per cent. makes £500, for which I now record to my Posterity my thanks and praise to Almighty God, the giver of all good gifts. Amen!"

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A BRITISH taxpayer, in the London *Echo*, calculates the probable amount of the Queen's fortune. He estimates it at £16,000,000 sterling, or £80,000,000. We have heard it estimated as high as $140,000,000. Her annual income is about £400,000, or $2,000,000. Her expenses are less than half that sum. So she saves $1,000,000 a year. She has reigned forty-three years. It took the surplus of the first two years, $1,000,000, to pay her father's debts. The annual interest on £15,000,000 sterling at 3 per cent. is £450,000, to which add £200,000 per annum saved, and her majesty has an annual income of £650,000 or $3,250,000! Her vice may not be out-and-out avarice, but she is certainly as distinguished for economy bordering on parsimony as some of her royal predecessors of the Guelph line have been for lavishness and prodigality.

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AT a Polo breakfast lately given at Newport, the floral fancies were most elaborate and costly. The centre-piece was a saddle made of Japanese daisies and maroon-colored geraniums. The stirrups were of yellow buttercups. These rested on a stand covered with blue hydrangeas, with maiden-hair fern at the bottom. At either end of the saddle were three floral mallets, crossed. The mallet part was of yellow daises, and the handle of scarlet geraniums. There were six balls, two of scarlet geraniums, two of yellow daisies, and two of blue hydrangeas. A riding-whip stood against the saddle. It was made of scarlet, blue and red flowers, each color separate, the tip being of ribbon grass. Inclosing the whole of the devices, and around the table was a border of maiden-hair fern. The room was very beautifully decorated with smilax and plants.

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IN the beginning of 1846, when a Broadway elevated railroad was discussed and illustrated in the *Scientific American*, it probably seemed extravagant to suggest hourly trains on a single track in Broadway. The most active imagination would scarcely have gone beyond the prediction that half-hourly trains off a double track would be required. Now what do we see? Four double lines, comprising 22 miles of elevated track, on which are run an aggregate of over 3,000 daily trains, as shown by the inventory of the Manhattan Elevated Railway Company. It appears that to carry on this enormous traffic 200 locomotives and 600 cars are used, which stop at 161 stations, the force employed being about 3,000 men, whose pay exceeds $5,500 per day. As many as 274,000 persons have been carried in a single day, who paid in the neighborhood of $18,000 for the accommodation.

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HINDOO women, and those in some other countries, walk very erect and steadily, from the habit of carrying water-jars or other burdens on the head. This comes in part, also, from the full development of the muscles of the arms and chest. This can only be accomplished by exercise or work, and here is where so many women in this country and of this generation fail. Physicians say that there is hardly a natural figure to be found, and that the ribs are often so bent as to interfere materially with vital action. The evil is serious, inasmuch as it hinders a woman's usefulness, and often makes her an invalid, so-called, and makes her unfit to bear the burdens of life. And all to make her form a little smaller! And it is all relative; the same proportion remains between all; the stout are only less stout, and the slender more slender. Heaven help those of the next generation who are to depend upon these broken reeds. So many are poor, and feeble, and "delicate." This is serious truth. Walking won't help it much, except that fresh air is is good. Men may walk; women do better to exercise the upper part of the body.

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THE lowest classes in Germany are detained in school throughout two sessions a day, each session being two hours long, and even this broken by recess. It is long enough; and the memory of my primary school life of six hours a day, half of which was the refinement of misery, makes me shudder at this late day. The Germans have discovered how to make a primary school a pleasure for children. They come at eight o'clock, are kept continually at work till ten, come again at two, and leave at four. No lessons are studied in school—very few, indeed, at home. Hardly any text-books are used, and these of the very simplest nature. Not a book is ever opened for school hours, and not a minute is lost in either session by teacher or pupil. Most of the instruction is oral, or by means of a blackboard.

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A CORRESPONDENT, speaking of the little Princesses of England, says: I have seen them at the opera with their parents, when, on one occasion, the little one getting sleepy, her mother took her up on her lap and let her sleep there on her knees all the evening; I have seen them at charitable ceremonies which were attended by much pomp and circumstance; I have seen them riding, driving, walking, boating, and on none of these occasions, I venture to say, did the wearing apparel of each of the little girls exceed a a ten-dollar bill. A simple white muslin frock, undecorated by any lace, unrelieved by any silk slip or expensive sash, formed the opera costume; the winter and boating dresses are of serge, the summer dresses of washing prints. And all are made in the simplest style—no gofferings, puckerings, flouncings, no bias bands, no knife-plaitings. No feathers in the hats, nor no furbelows anywhere.

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THE New York Business Men's Society for the Encouragement of Moderation, recommends people to drink beer as a compromise between the use of distilled liquor and total abstinence. As a step towards this they are trying to find out the makers of good beer. It is to be feared that beer as a temperance agent will not prove a great success. The statistics of the Brewers' Congress, recently held in France, show that the most drunken nation consumes the most beer. One-third of all the beer brewed annually in Europe is produced in the English Islands, and drunkenness is more prevalent there than in any other European nation. Counting men, women and children, every native of Great Britain drinks nearly 143 quarts of beer in a year. After the Moderation Society has induced our people to drink beer, it will still have before it the work of persuading them to drink it in moderation, and it will be found that for the majority of drinkers there is no moderation short of total abstinence.

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MORE than seven years ago a Southern postoffice was moved, and the old rooms were occupied by a ladies furnishing goods store. When the office was moved to its new quarters the opening in the wall, leading to the letter-box, was closed up with mortar, and so remained until removed by some thoughtless boys of the street. The inside entrance to the box had been nailed up, and nothing was thought of the unused receptacle for mail until the other day when a lady was in the store doing some shopping, and happened to observe the box; out of curiosity she inquired its use. After being enlightened on the subject, she said, in a jesting manner, "Perhaps some of my old letters are in there; let's open it and see." A hatchet was procured, the box opened, and sure enough there were quite a number of letters and postals which had been dropped in by people from the outside. But to make the coincidence more startling, the lady who proposed opening the box found three postal cards written by herself over one year ago. Besides these there were several other letters and postal cards, among them two letters to foreign countries.

PARTED.

BY KATHERINE LEE BATES.

Can I believe what yet mine eyes have seen,
That we are parted who were once so near?
That far behind us lie the meadows green,
Where we no more may greet the early year,
And praise the dewy cross-buds, while yet
More happy in each other than in spring?
If I remember, how should you forget,
And leave me lonely in my wandering?

Can I believe, what yet mine ears have heard,
That severed e'er is our companionship?
An autumn wind among the woodland stirred
And blew your kisses from my grieving lip;
Time stepped between us and unclasped our hands
That reach in vain across the widening days;
Life met our wistful looks with stern commands,
And led us coldly down divided ways.

Can I believe, yet what my heart has felt,
That never more our paths will be the same?
That even now your joyous musings melt
To tenderer longings at a dearer name?
Then say farewell, since that must be the word,
In life's strange journey I may yet rejoice,
But still through all its voices will be heard
The lingering echo of your vanished voice.

Dugdale's Tenant.

BY ANABEL GRAY.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

THREE DAYS LATER, walking along the quiet road that leads to Weston, Clive Dugdale comes upon Clarissa and a stranger, evidently in earnest conversation. Even from the distance he can see the stranger is Sir Wilfred Haughton, and that he and Clarissa are on friendly terms. It is plainly, however, a chance encounter, because Haughton's horse is standing beside him, and even as Dugdale, with a beating heart, marks all these facts, they shake hands, and Haughton, mounting again, rides briskly away.

As Dugdale comes up with her, Clarissa turns gladly to greet him, with a bright smile. Her face is delicately flushed; there is an unwonted brilliancy in her eyes: she is altogether a changed, and even a lovelier Clarissa than usual.

"That was Sir Wilfred?" remarks he, superfluously, regarding her curiously and jealously.

"Yes," still smiling.

"Your very first meeting with him has wrought a wonderful change in your appearance. You are pleased?"

"It was not our first meeting. Last evening he called to see us just after you had left. Had you remained to dinner as George and I wished, you would have met him."

"Should I? Thanks. The loss is not irreparable. I would rather see George and you, when alone. But you have not yet answered me: though, indeed, I scarcely need an answer when I look at you. You are brighter, more radiant than I have ever yet seen you. You were pleased to see him!"

"Very!" she said, emphatically. "Why not? After all, as I told you, he is an old friend; I hardly remember the time I did not know him."

"And," bending a little to look into her eyes, which meet his frankly, "you now—'know'?"

"Yes—now I 'know,'" returns she, with a quiet, though very intense satisfaction.

"And you are quite happy?" There is a shade upon his face that grows deeper every second.

She, having averted her eyes, fails to see it.

"Very happy," she answers, quietly. "Happier than I have been for three full years. A long time, is it not?" she asks, a little wistfully.

"Yes. I congratulate you," in a somewhat forced tone. They have reached the entrance to Weston; and he now puts out his hand to say good-bye.

"You will come in?" surprised.

"Not to-day, thank you."

"Oh, do," with open disappointment; "George will be so grieved if you do not."

"George must excuse me to-day; I cannot go in now," he says, almost curtly, and, raising his hat, walks determinedly away.

His heart is filled to overflowing with bitterness and sad forebodings. Is it, indeed, all over? Can his sweet dreams and happy thoughts have met with such a cruel death? Again he sees her lovely face as she turned it to greet him., flushed with content and gladness. Of course the blush had been for Haughton; already her poor wounded heart had found comfort in the very nearness of the beloved.

Pshaw! why dwell upon the inevitable, like a love-sick girl! He will throw the whole business, leave for London in the morning, and try in absence to forget.

But when the morning comes he lingers.

A faint hope—that is almost despair, so closely does it border on it—holds him still in bondage, and compels him to stay on, and witness the final scene in this small drama.

But at the end of the second month even this faint star of hope has been drowned in the giant flood of despair. He has no longer any sustaining doubts. Day by day, meeting his rival at Weston, he notes Clarissa's kindly manner towards him, the frank warmth of her look and tones.

As for himself, her demeanor towards him has completely changed. It seems to him as though now she purposely avoids his society, and shrinks from any tete-a-tete chance may throw in his way. And yet—with an obstinacy that shocks even himself—there are moments when he cannot bring himself to believe he is altogether hateful to her. A certain softness at times, a sudden blush, a surprised glance now and again, makes him persuade himself, against his common sense, she still bears for him some of her ancient friendship.

One afternoon, walking along the road to Weston, he encounters the Major coming towards him from a side walk that branches towards the west, and leads to Uplands, where dwell the Adairs. They shake hands, but, even at the moment of meeting, Dugdale becomes aware that there is an unmistakable cloud upon the Major's usually urbane brow.

"You have been to Uplands?" says Dugdale, because he has nothing else to say, and is too much the property of melancholy to care to make conversation.

"Yes," absently, "the old lady is ill again. But tell me, Clive, is it true what I have heard there, that Carissa Carew is going to marry that fellow Haughton?"

"Have you heard it?" asks Dugdale, wincing.

"Yes—the Adairs are full of it. They say it is settled, and that they are to be married immediately. My dear boy," says the Major, raising his hat to wipe his forehead, "it can't be true."

"It may be true," says Clive, gloomily. He is drawing aimless strokes with his stick upon the dusty road, and is feeling distinctly miserable.

"It may, sir!—what do you mean by that?" demands the Major, irascibly; "I tell you it shan't! It is monstrous! What! a woman like that to throw herself away upon a worthless fellow: and one who has treated her so infamously in the past! I tell you I won't hear of it. I thought Clarissa had more pride."

"And yet I do not think she is wanting in pride," says Dugdale.

"I don't know what you call it—but I, for one, wouldn't have believed it of her," says old Hyde, growing slightly incoherent. "I shall speak to her, and, if possible, prevent it. If I were a young man like you, Dugdale, I should make love to her myself, propose to her, and marry her under his very nose, rather than let such a sacrifice take place. But the young men of the present day," says the Major, disgustedly, "are abominably wanting in both taste and feeling."

"I wish I could agree with you," says poor Clive, sadly.

"As no one else will interfere, I shall. Nothing shall prevent me. Her father and I were old cronies, and I shan't stay by and see his girl make such a fatal mistake without uttering a word of warning. I must go home and scribble a letter or two for the post, and after that I shall walk up straight to Weston, and ask her what she means."

"I think I wouldn't if I were you," Dugdale ventures to say, mildly.

"But I shall, sir! Don't talk to me! Pouf! do you think the anger of the prettiest woman in Europe could turn me from my duty? Never!" says the Major, proudly.

Dugdale half smiles as they part company, and he continues his way to Weston. The hall-door, as usual, stands wide open during the glorious August weather, and, making his way to the study where young Carew generally sits, he enters, unannounced.

At the doorway he stands motionless a moment, seeing Carew in earnest conversation with Sir Wilfred Haughton. Hearing him, they both look up, and Carew's expression changes from cold disapprobation to quick distress.

"It is only Dugdale," says Haughton, with a curious gleam in his dark eyes, and a certain maddening sense of triumph in his slow deliberate tones. "No, do not go away, Dugdale; you are a welcome friend here, and I have no desire to conceal from you the reason of my presence here to-day. I have come to ask Miss Carew's hand in marriage!"

Dugdale pales visibly, and his brows contract—otherwise he suppresses all outward symptoms of emotion. Then suddenly a wild determination to enter the lists himself, to declare aloud his affection for her, if only to let her see how well, though silently, she has been beloved, takes possession of him. Almost without allowing time for reflection, he turns to Carew, and says with forced composure.

"I too have come to Weston to-day, bound on the same errand. I love your sister, Carew, and would ask her to marry me. Let her choose between us."

George rises slowly. He is still weak, and finds a difficulty in sudden movements; a look of perplexity and discomfort pervades his handsome face: he trifles nervously with a paper-knife that lies beneath his hand.

"You distress me," he says at length, addressing both the suitors. "I hardly know what to say. Of course I shall inform my sister of the honor you have both done her, and—and—you must abide by her decision. But it grieves me to know that one of you—must———".

He pauses, and unconsciously, in his embarrassment, fixes his eyes upon Dugdale. Clive groans inwardly; to him it is a simple matter, the translation of that regretful look, the finishing of that broken sentence. "One of you must go to the wall—and you, Dugdale, are the man." So he reads it. The brother, knowing well the sister's feeling, had thought kindly to give him gentle warning of what is surely in store for him. That glance was an ill omen! Well, well! He throws up his head in angry defiance of cruel fate, and draws his breath a little hard.

At this moment a light and well-known step crossing the hall outside makes itself heard. It comes nearer; the door is thrown open, and Clarissa, fresh and sweet as the perfumed flowers in her hands, stands upon the threshold.

"Why, what a solemn conclave," she says, jestingly. "What long, long faces! But that the silence of the grave seems to reign, I should say you were all indulging in a battle royal. What is it, George?" laying her hand upon his shoulder with a soft caressing touch.

Taking down her hand, Carew holds it closely in his own and regards her with silent scrutiny for a full minute. Then glancing at the two men, he says, as though decided:

"My sister is here—she shall speak for herself. Clarissa, Sir Wilfred Haughton, and Clive Dugdale, wish to tell you, that they love you; they had come this afternoon to ask your hand in marriage. It is for you to either refuse them both—or make your choice between them."

He has spoken disjointedly, but to the purpose. Clarissa, growing white as the lilies in her trembling fingers, shrinks away from him, and letting her flowers fall, covers her face with her hands.

"Oh! why have you done this?" cries she: "it is terrible—it is cruel———"

"No it is the wisest course," whispers he, hurriedly. "It will end at once all doubt and suspense. Believe me, it is better so—and kinder."

Looking up, she glances first at Sir Wilfred, who is evidently anxious, but perhaps a little too assured—then timidly at Dugdale, who is rather in the background, with his head bent downwards and his arms crossed upon his breat.

Feeling the intensity of her regard, he raises his head, and meets her gaze full. In his eyes there is a world of sorrowing, a passionate regret, a dumb agony, and through its hopeless longing.

"Clarissa!" says Haughton, entreatingly, attempting to take her hand.

"No, no!" she exclaims, hastily, waving him back, her heart beating painfully. Then, "Clive, will you not speak to me?" she says, moving a step or two in his direction.

The effect is electric. At her words, Dugdale started violently, the sadness disappears, and in its place a great gleam of joy rises and illumines his face. Yet even now he hardly dares believe in his own good fortune.

Going up to her, he imprisons her hands, and asks, in a voice so changed she scarcely knows it to be his:

"Am I your choice?"

"Yes," faintly.

"You love me, Clarissa?" almost vehemently.

"Yes," returns she, again. And then, overcome by her emotion and the situation generally, she bursts into tears: whereupon unmindful of her brother's presence, or that of his disconcerted rival, catches her in his arms: and with a sob she lays her head upon his breast.

* * * * * *

Leaving Weston about two hours later, he has just reached the entrance gate, when he finds himself, for the second time to-day, face to face with the valiant Major, evidently bent on slaughter.

"You see I have kept my word," says this warrior, fiercely: "I am not to be frightened, even by a frown of Venus! I have come to reason with Clarissa about this talked-of engagement."

"There is no need. I can tell you all about it."

"Well?" impatiently.

"It is only too true. She is going to be married!"

"And who, pray, told you that pretty piece of news?"

"I heard it from her own lips."

"You don't say so!" exclaims the Major, staggering; then, plucking up courage again, he advances a step. "All the more cause why I should interfere," he says, with much determination.

"I am afraid it will be too late. She and he seem very much attached to each other. I am almost sure she will not give him up."

"She will when I prove to her what a despicable scoundrel he is; and open her eyes a bit about his doings in London."

"Oh, Major! that I should live to hear you say such things!"

"Say them! I have said them a thousand times, and I shall say them again. I tell you, this man she is bent on marrying is a villain of the deepest dye!"

Dugdale laughs.

"Ah! you may make a joke of it, Dugdale; she is nothing to you, of course; you don't care about her future happiness, poor child! but I do, and I can't see her enter on such a wretched marriage without feeling grief."

"I don't think," says Clive, modestly, "it will be a wretched marriage."

"I hope you may be forgiven," ejaculates the Major, solemnly. "Well," in an offended tone, "I shall go and fulfil my duty, and see what I can do."

"Don't put an end to the engagement," exclaims Clive, in a tone of affected dismay; "because, if you do, you will make Clarissa, and—and *me* eternally miserable."

He has placed both his hands on old Hyde's shoulders, and is laughing lightly.

"Eh? What? You don't mean to say—bless me!—What have you got to do with it?"

"In me you behold the coming bridegroom," says Clive, with an air of the profoundest triumph.

The Major is struck dumb for a full minute (a most unusual occurence with him,) and then gives way to a wild rapture.

"My dear Clive—my dear, dear boy, can it be true? Oh! you young scamp, not to tell me sooner. My dear fellow, I am rejoice I." And then he fairly gives way, and falling upon the unsuspecting Dugdale, treats him to a hearty hug.

"But, Major, consider: would you wed your pearl amongst women to a 'despicable scoundrel,' a 'villain of the deepest dye?' When are you going to open her eyes to all my scandalous 'doings in London'?"

"None of your chaff," says the Major, threatening him with his stick, "but come straight home with me, and let us drink the future Mrs. Dugdale's health in a bumper of champagne."

THE HANDKERCHIEF.—Such an innocent looking little square of cambric, so unpretending and useful; yet what a world of harm it has done first and last in the hands of designing people! Many a fair name has been ruined, many a happy home broken up, through that which should have stood for a signal of danger—the wave of a handkerchief, diverted from its original use and employed by idle fingers in the service of folly. There is a story told of a gallant Union soldier who fell hopelessly in love with the beautiful daughter of a Confederate general, and carried on by handkerchief signals a system of correspondence that betrayed his regiment into the hands of the enemy; as a reward for his faithfulness to duty, he was admitted to a secret tryst with his love from which he never returned.

In London handkerchief stealing is a regular profession, and Dickens gives in "Oliver Twist" a description of the manner in which old Fagin taught his boys to snatch the "wipes" from the pocket. The outside pockets which the ladies wore a few years ago greatly facilitated this business, and it did not require an expert in the work to snatch the object so carelessly exposed.

Hemming the kerchief (the earliest work of small feminine fingers) is almost a lost art now. The nuns of foreign countries spend many hours every day in embroidering delicate muslin with exquisite needlework: these treasures are then sold for charity. And in the wealthy convents of Moorish Spain handkerchiefs of lace, fine as the spider's web and costly as the raiment of kings, are wrought in silence and seclusion.

Tragic scenes happen nowadays which begin with the dropping of a handkerchief. In ancient times when a knight errant riding abroad discovered a handkerchief floating from the tower of a castle he knew some fair damsel was in distress, and he gallantly rode to the rescue, and by prowess or strategy released her, and as a romantic sequel carried her off as his bride. Now the knight is usually a young man with a tendency to giddiness, and the fair damsel wears a poke bonnet and walks along serenely, with a self satisfied smile on her peachy lips.

"But the heart feels most when the lips speak not," and both are adepts in a language originated by school-girls, but "spoken" universally—the language of the handkerchief—of which the following is an initial chapter. The rules are:

Drawing it across the lips, I wish to know you.
Across the cheek, I love you.
Across the forehead, we are watched.
Opposite corners in both hands, wait for me.
Over the shoulder, follow me.
Winding it around the first finger, engaged.
Around the third finger, married.
Dropping it, we will be friends.
Twirling it in both hands, indifference.
Letting it rest on the right cheek, yes.
On the left cheek, no.
Putting it in the pocket, good-bye.

After all, the best and legitimate use of the handkerchief and the safest is that which Hood embodies in his famous "Ode to My Little Son:"

Then hairy, opening rose?
Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!

SEAL-SKIN FUR.—In killing the seals much care is used. The instrument of destruction is a long club of hard wood, with which the animals are struck a violent blow on the head. One is usually sufficient. A long, sharp knife is then thrust into the vitals, and the carcass laid aside; and so on until about one thousand have been slain, when the work of skinning commences. When taken off, the skins are salted, and sent eastward in that condition. On arrival they are properly cured, and then comes the preparation needed for their conversion into what is popularly called "seal-skin." It is difficult to conceive how that beautiful article of dress can ever be manufactured out of the very unattractive object the skin presents at this juncture. It is as hard and unyielding as a board, and the stiff coarse hairs cover the fur so completely that its very existence might be unsuspected. How to separate the fur is a problem.

For many years each individual hair was plucked out separately, at of course, a vast expenditure of time and money, until a lucky accident revealed to the dressers that the roots of the hair were more deeply seated than those of the fur. Now, therefore, after the preliminary preparation, the skins are laid hair downwards upon a wooden block with a curved surface, and pared down with a knife until the roots of the hairs have been cut through, and the skin is very little thicker than a kid glove. All the coarser hair can then be brushed off with the hand, leaving the fur, which is then seen to be arranged in small curls, of a light-brown color, varying slightly in shade in the different parts. In consequence, nearly all, "seal skin" is dyed, before it is sold, and in the process of dyeing the curls untwist themselves, and the fur becomes smooth and ready for use.

IT has been decided in Missouri that it is a conspiracy, for which persons are liable to indictment and prosecution, for a number of workmen, acting in concert, to stop work upon the partial completion of a task which it would be ruinous to delay, and thus take advantage of and endeavor to force their employers to yield to a demand for an advance of wages.

AN attempt is being made to introduce the use of pennies into Nashville, and appears to be meeting with success.

Our Young Folks.

THE GOLDEN PEARS.

BY S. M. GIDLEY.

LONG, long ago there lived a king who held rule over one of the lesser provinces in Brittany. His was a very small kingdom indeed.

Although a monarch, he was possessed of no riches whatever; all that he had of value was a pear-tree, which grew in an orchard, close to the royal palace.

It was a fine well-grown tree; yet each year it only bore three splendid pears; and in these the king's whole wealth lay.

But they could only benefit him if he managed to pick them at a certain time, and this he was never able to do.

In the summer days and the sultry July weather, the pears grew mellower and more luscious until they turned into solid silver; but a month later when the hot sun of August blazed down upon the orchard, they became even larger and more tempting, until they finally changed to pears of burnished gold.

It was just then, just at the changing-time, that they ought to have been gathered, yet the poor king was never fortunate enough to do so; they always vanished the night before he hoped to take them from the tree, partly because every year he was so ambitious, so greedy to get them at their best.

Had he be content to gather them while they were yet pears of silver, no doubt he could have done so: but in his avarice he preferred to wait for the golden ones.

As the king's children grew up they all shared his interest in the wonderful pear tree.

His six daughters, who each looked for a dowry from its precious fruit, were every time cruelly disappointed; his two sons, Yann and Claudik, were no less wishful to have their portion also.

One day Yann proposed to Claudik that the two should pick the pears and divide the spoil.

Yann was a bad, unprincipled fellow, the very reverse of his younger brother, who, for his talents, and his brave and noble character, no less than for his good looks, was loved and admired by all.

"No, no," said Claudik, "I will not do that: the pears are not mine; they belong to my father and my sisters."

"Very well, then," said Yann, "I wish that he would divide them amongst us and let me have one for myself: it is not asking too much, for I shall promise him to keep guard over the pear-tree to prevent any thieves from coming there." Claudik replied that he did not think that this plan would be likely to please his father, nevertheless Yann determined to ask for his share of the fruit.

The King, when he heard this request, was not very willing to grant it; however, his son persuaded him to consent.

Yann, being the eldest, chose the pear that grew on the north side of the tree; Claudik was to have the one facing the south; while that in the centre could be divided among his six sisters.

It was just at the close of July, and the silver fruit had already begun to grow tinged with a lovely golden hue.

Yann mounted guard in the orchard, as he had promised, and for two days nothing occurred.

But on the third night he unwisely took an extra flagon of wine to keep him awake, as he said.

However, when the morning came, there he lay, fast asleep at the foot of the tree, where now hung but two pears.

The one in the centre had vanished; the poor Princesses were again without a dowry.

"No matter," said Yann, as he lazily rubbed his eyes, "my one is there still, so what do I care? However, to-night I mean to keep a better look out!"

And on that and the following evening he really was most watchful, pacing up and down with sword in hand; yet he heard no sound.

On the third night it was so hot and sultry, and the cider so cool and refreshing, that Yann in his thirst could not resist drinking a double quantity.

He awoke with the bright light of morning on his face, in time to find that his own pear, the one facing the north, was no longer there.

What a fury he was in, to be sure! He stamped, he swore, insulted his father, beat off his sisters who were ready with a lecture; and would have picked a quarrel with his brother; only this was avoided, as Claudik generously offered to give him the half of the remaining pear, the one which belonged to him.

"Now it's my turn to mount guard," said Claudik, as he proceeded to arm himself with a huge scimitar that he had sharpened to a wonderful keenness.

So when the dusk fell, he posted himself beside the trunk of the tree.

Until midnight all was still, but as the hour of twelve boomed from the tower, an owl flew screeching from the tree.

Claudik looked up and there he saw—what? A big brawny arm stretched out amid the branches, and a huge hand with open fingers ready to clutch the golden pear.

"Hold, who goes there?" cried Claudik, as, swinging the gleaming scimitar above his head, he dealt the intruder a tremendous blow.

Then came a hideous deafening roar, followed by a sudden gust of wind that shook the tree to its very roots; and then—all was still.

At Claudik's feet lay an immense hand covered with blood, still holding in its great fingers the precious pear of gold.

The thief had been discovered; it was evidently some greedy giant who had hitherto been robbing the King.

Claudik at once picked up the pear and put it carefully into his wallet. But what should he do with the hand.

His first impulse was to throw it into the sea; however, on second thoughts he decided to keep it, for perhaps it belonged to some rich and powerful ogre not very far away, who would be glad to have it put on for him again.

In a little while Yann, whom the giant's yell of pain had wakened, came rushing down to know what happened.

Then Claudik told him of his adventure, and showed him the great gory hand, from lifting which his jerkin had become all dabbled with blood.

"And the pear, what of that?" asked his brother, eagerly.

"Here it is, safe enough," replied Claudik, as he took it from his wallet; "we must divide it into four quarters. One will be for our father; one for our sisters; while you and I can share the rest."

"I don't care to have only a quarter; that's not enough; I want it all," said Yann peevishly. "And what are you going to do with that hand, now that you've got it?"

"Oh! I shall endeavor to find its owner, so my first and best plan will be to try and track the thief."

The moon had now risen; all the fields and bushes showed clear and distinct in her pale white light.

And there, sure enough, could be seen a dark trail of blood leading from the pear-tree across fields and over hills for some long way.

This trail Claudik carefully followed, carrying the giant's hand with him, until he came to the forest of Kranou, when the traces of blood grew less and less visible, and at last completely disappeared.

"Aha! I have it," said Claudik, as he turned back; "they say that in the heart of this forest an ogre has his home; he is my man, no doubt. And a horrible fellow he is, from all accounts—a villain who devours all Christians who may chance to come to his abode. Yet if I take this hand of his with me and offer to restore it to its right place again, perhaps he will be willing to spare my life, at all events."

The next day Claudik went to consult his friend a magician, from whom he obtained an invaluable box of ointment that would mend any broken bones, and heal any wounded limbs.

It was really a marvelous remedy; it had never been known to fail.

When he reached the town again, he met his brother in the market-place, where there was a large concourse of people that a herald's summons had brought together.

After a blast of trumpets, the town-crier proclaimed in a loud voice, that the great and powerful giant-king of the forest would give the hand of his daughter, the fair Princess Fleur-du-Kranon, to him who should be able to heal his majesty of a terrible wound that he had gained in combat.

"Or, rather, in stealing pears," muttered Claudik, under his breath.

"Well, what say you?" cried Yann, confidently, "I mean to set off at once: it will be easy enough to cure the old monarch; and then I shall get his lovely daughter as my bride!"

"Ah, brother, but you had better consider a little before you start. Remember that the king is an ogre who slays mercilessly all Christian folks who come to his palace; aye, and who feeds upon their flesh as well. And do not forget that—"

"Tush! Tush!" answered the braggart, "do you think I'm afraid? A valiant fellow like myself is not so easily daunted. I shall at once buckle on my armor, and then huzza! for victory and the Princess!"

So shortly after this, Yann left the castle, though whether he had gone to the forest of Kranou none could tell.

The days, the weeks went by, yet he did not return; his kinsfolk were all afraid that he had come by some dreadful death.

Claudik bravely determined to go and find him. He put the giant's hand into a large bag, which he strapped across his shoulder like a knapsack; and then, he set out in the direction of the ogre's forest.

He arrived there in time, stated his business, and was ushered into the presence of the Princess, who cast down her eyes and blushed as she saw him.

"Bring me, dear lady, to your royal parent," he said, "and you shall see what you shall see."

Then the Princess bade him doff the shoes which he wore, and follow her quickly and in silence.

They passed along glittering corridors and through splendid halls, gorgeous with pavings of marble and of silver, each guarded at the entrance by leopards, dragons, lions, and other fierce beasts.

At length they came to a hall of greater vastness than all the rest; but here the lights burnt low and dim, for in it his majesty the giant lay sick.

The Princess made a sign to Claudik to uncover his head, and, as they entered, the two dragons guarding the door shot forth volumes of fire from their jaws: but the contents of the sack which Claudik carried had a magic influence: it kept off the flames, so that he passed through them unscathed.

Fleur-du-Kranon wondered much at this; but she was overjoyed to think that a preserver was come for her at last.

Suddenly the giant woke up and roared out:

"Get me food, for I am hungry!"

As he looked ravenously around, he saw Claudik standing there in the hall; so he at once shouted in a voice of thunder:

"Ho, there! this youth seems both young and well-favored, serve him up at once on the gridiron for me with some potatoes!"

O, goodness! Claudik, on the gridiron, to be fried with a garnishing of potatoes!

Then two burly cooks sprang forward, swinging their glittering cutlasses, that were to make a speedy end of our hero's life.

But no sooner had the blades touched Claudik's sack than they were instantly shivered into a dozen pieces.

Then Claudik set a magic pipe he had got from the magician to his mouth and played a merry, giddy dance-tune; so mad, so catching was it that it made all his hearers wild to be twirling in time to the sound.

Fleur-du-Kranou took Claudik as her partner; the cooks, leaving their work, whirled hither and thither with the saucepans and gridirons.

Even the old giant, in spite of his rage, leaped from his couch and was obliged to hop with the rest.

Although the giant yelled, although he shrieked: "Put him on the gridiron—the gridiron!" it was quite in vain; no one listened; the dance went on and grew gradually more and more furious.

Perhaps it would be going on now, if the weight of Claudik's knapsack had not compelled him, at last, to stop.

Thus the ball ended, just as this story will end, for no sooner had Claudik finished his last tune than he knelt down beside the giant's couch, who quickly stretched out his hand to seize and strangle him.

But as it touched the sack, his arm dropped as it were paralyzed, and he murmured in agony:

"O, if I had but the other hand!"

"The other hand?" said the cunning youth, as he unfastened the sack, and the huge burden fell out. "Here, as you see, I have brought it; and, with your will, I shall now restore it to its right place again!"

Then, to the wonder and astonishment of all, Claudik set himself to the task of healing the giant's wound, which he was able to do as well and better than any skilled surgeon.

The king was greatly delighted at being thus cured.

Claudik had no difficulty in winning the beautiful Princess as his bride; and, soon after, their wedding was celebrated with great rejoicing and festivities.

Nothing was ever heard of selfish Yann.

Upon the death of Claudik's father, the pear-tree was transplanted to Kranou, where it flourished, and continued to yield its annual tribute of the wonderful golden fruit.

THE CANGUE.—The instrument of punishment called the cangue is the main prop of Chinese order—the stocks, pillory, and penitential cell. It is merely a cage of cross-bars, which are sometimes of bamboo, sometimes of iron, sometimes of heavy timber. The prisoner's body is inclosed in this cage, which reaches from his knees to his neck; his head and limbs are alone free, his hands being strapped to a bar. Now, it is manifest that a criminal thus accoutred must be the prop and support of his own portable jail. A captive Atlas, he carries about his own dungeon, and he can not lie down to rest, but must pass whole days and nights on his feet, the poles attached to the cangue prevent him from lying down, while to the frame-work is fixed a placard inscribed with the wretch's name, offense, and sentence. A cangue may weigh 100 pounds, or only 20, but in any case it is a dreadful punishment, kept on as it is for periods varying from six hours to six weeks. Imagine days and nights of cramp and sleeplessness, the harassing stings of mosquitoes and other tormenting insects worrying the naked skin, and no hand to brush them away; the scorching sun, and no screen; the chilly night, and no covering; weariness, dizzy brain, limbs racked by dirt, fatigue, fever, delirium, the pressure of the hard yoke on the galled shoulders, the strangling collar, the agony of long want of sleep, the thirst, the shame! Men often go mad in the cangue, it is said; they fall asleep on their feet, like horses, from sheer exhaustion they perish, and are found dead in their cages, like so many neglected wild beasts in captivity. But the cangue is a favorite punishment.

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THE CAMPHOR-TREE.

AMONG the most luxuriant and valuable trees of the island of Sumatra, the first place belongs to this one. The tree is straight, extraordinary tall, and has a gigantic crown, which often overtops the other woody giants by a hundred feet or so. The stem is sometimes twenty feet thick.

According to the natives there are three kinds of camphor trees, which they distinguish from the outward color of the bark, which is sometimes yellow, sometimes black, and often red. The bark is rough and grooved, and is overgrown with moss. The leaves are of a dark green, oblong oval in shape, and pointed; they smell of camphor, and are, besides, hard and tough. The outward form of the fruit is very like that of the acorn, but it has around it five petals; these are placed somewhat apart from each other, and the whole in form much resembles a lily. The fruit is always impregnated with camphor, and is eaten by the natives when it is well ripened and fresh.

The amazing height of the tree hinders the regular gathering; but when the tree yields its fruit, which takes place in March, April, and May, the population go out to collect it, which they speedily collect, as, if the fruit be allowed to remain four days on the ground, it sends forth a root of about the length of a finger, and becomes unfit to be eaten.

Amongst other things, this fruit, prepared with sugar, furnishes a tasty comfit or article of confectionery. It is very unhealthy to remain near the camphor tree during the flowering season, because of the extraordinary hot exhalations from it during that period. The greater the age of the tree the more camphor it contains.

Usually the order of the Rajah is given for a number of men, say thirty, to gather camphor in the bush belonging to the territory which he claims. The men appointed then seek for a place where many trees grow together; there they construct rude huts. The tree is cut down just above the roots, after which it is divided into small pieces, and these are afterwards split, upon which the camphor, which is found in hollows or crevices in the body of the tree, and above all, in the knots and swellings of branches from the trunk, becomes visible in the form of granules or grains.

The quantity of camphor yielded by a single tree seldom amounts to more than half a pound; and if we take into account the great and long-continued labor requisite in gathering it, we have the natural reply to the question why it fetches so high a price. At the same time that the camphor is gathered—that is, during the cutting down of the tree—the oil, which then drips from the cuttings, is caught in considerable quantity. It is seldom brought to market, because probably the price and the trouble of carriage are not sufficiently remunerative.

Time out of mind the beautiful clumps and clusters of camphor-trees have been destroyed in a ruthless manner; young and old have been felled; and as no planting or means of renewal has taken place, but the growth of the trees has been left to nature, it is not improbable that this noble species will ere long wholly disappear from Sumatra.

The method of discovering the camphor is, by making a deep incision with a Malay axe, till the camphor is seen; hundreds of trees may thus be mutilated before the sought-for tree is discovered.

DUE TO WIVES.—Do not jest with your wife upon a subject in which there is danger of wounding her feelings. Remember that she treasures every word you utter. Do not speak of great virtues to another man's wife to remind your own of a fault. Do not reproach your wife with personal defects, for if she has sensibility you inflict a wound difficult to heal. Do not treat your wife with inattention in company, it touches her pride, and she will not respect you more or love you better for it. Do not upbraid your wife in the presence of a third party, the sense of your disregard for her feelings will prevent her from acknowledging her fault. Do not entertain your wife by praising the beauty and accomplishments of other women. If you would have a pleasant home and a cheerful wife, pass your evenings under your own roof. Do not be stern and silent in your own house, and remarkable for your sociability elsewhere. At the same time all this applies equally well to wives in the treatment of husbands.

MRS. M.

COOKING BY ELECTRICITY.—A surprise is in store for the scientific world. An ingenious Frenchman, fired with the ambition to outdo a fellow-countryman's feat of cooking food by sunshine, proposes, it is said, to put up an electrical cooking-range, with the object of providing a variety of dishes cooked by the heat generated by the electric current. That an electric current is capable of producing an intense degree of heat, is, of course, well-known; but whether his heat can be turned to anything like the same practical account as the light, remains yet to be proved.

WINSTON, Forsyth Co., N. C.

GENTS—I desire to express to you my thanks for your wonderful Hop Bitters. I was troubled with dyspepsia for five years previous to commencing the use of your Hop Bitters some six months ago. My cure has been wonderful. I am pastor of the First Methodist Church of this place, and my whole congregation can testify to the great virtues of your Bitters.

Very Respectfully,
REV. H. FERREBEE.

FORGET!

BY T. FERGUSON.

Forget—forget me! As I write,
The roses round the casement droop,
The sun has lost his golden light,
A sudden shadow seems to swoop
Across the brightness of the land
And plunge the Summer world in gloom.
And, lo, I trace with trembling hand
The sentence of a bitter doom!
Forget me, for a love so true
As yours should pass without regret
From one who could be false to you
My only love, forget, forget!

I write the words I could not speak;
My heart is colder than a stone—
[illegible]
That yet, my [illegible],
And shall be, [illegible]
Your face forever [illegible],
How hard soever this may be—
God help me!—it is better so.
For you, my love, are far away,
And I, whose sun of life has set,
Who sobbed "Remember!" yesterday,
Now pray with all my soul "Forget!"

The light has faded from the sun,
The color from the flowers has fled;
I live and wish my life were done,
I breathe and move, and yet am dead!
Ay, dead to all that makes life sweet;
But orange-blossoms will crown a bride,
And flowers be strewn about her feet,
And none will guess the suicide!
For life is death when love is lost,
Since love is life; and yet—and yet
I write the words and count the cost—
My only love, forget—forget!

ISLAND LIFE.

IN looking at the distribution of animals and animal life over the various countries of the globe, the question of how the distribution has been effected must have occurred to many. So far as the larger divisions, or continents, of the globe are concerned, no particular difficulty at first sight presents itself, but in the case of the numerous islands that dot our large seas and oceans, we at once find ourselves face to face with considerable perplexities. Take the case of the Island of St. Helena, for instance. It is situated in the South Atlantic Ocean, eleven hundred miles from the coast of Africa on the east, and eighteen hundred miles from that of South America on the west.

When first discovered, nearly four hundred years ago, it was found to be densely covered with a luxuriant forest vegetation, which was afterwards almost entirely destroyed in various ways, not least by the ravages of goats bred from those which the Portuguese at first introduced on St. Helena and which in course of time overran it like a plague, leaving the island almost a desert. The destruction of the trees was also accompanied by the disappearance of many kinds of animals originally found on the island. Then take the case of the Azores in the North Atlantic, situated eight hundred miles from land—a group of islands extremely fertile, and abounding in animals of many kinds. In both these instances, which are only two among thousands, the question which presents itself to the scientific mind is: How did life, whether animal or vegetable, manage to reach these distant, solitary, ocean-girdled spots?

Madagascar has been taken as typical of some of the difficulties of the question. It lies two hundred and fifty miles from the coast of Africa, and yet its mammalia differ entirely in all essential characteristics from the mammalia of the neighboring continent. Madagascar possesses no less than sixty-six species of mammals which are not only different from those of Africa, but from those of any other existing continent. "Africa is prominently characterized by its monkeys, apes, and baboons; by its lions, leopards, and hyenas; by its zebras, rhinoceros, elephants, buffaloes, giraffes, and numerous species of antelopes. Very few of these or [illegible] have been found in Madagascar. And so it is with other islands.

As ocean, even of small extent, forms an almost insuperable barrier to the dispersal of land animals, and even of birds, for, though the latter can fly far, yet they cannot go thousands of miles without rest or food, unless in the case of aquatic birds, who can alight and feed on the surface of the ocean. Without artificial help, land shells, beetles, and other small animals can pass over very wide oceans. The exact width they can pass over is not determined, but we have a few facts to guide us. Oysters, to the astonishment of pigs can swim very well, and have been known to swim over five or six miles of sea; and the wide distribution of pigs in the eastern hemisphere may be due to this power. It is almost certain, however, that they would never voluntarily swim away from their native land, and if carried out to sea by a flood, they would certainly endeavor to return to the shore. We cannot therefore, believe that they would ever swim over fifty or a hundred miles of sea; and the same may be said of all the large mammalia. Deer also swim well, but there is no reason to believe that they would venture out of sight of land.

With the smaller, and especially with the arboreal mammalia, such as monkeys, there is a much more effectual way of passing over the sea by means of floating trees, or those floating islands which are often found at the mouth of great rivers.

Such small animals too as squirrels and mice may have been carried away on the trees which formed part of such a raft, and might thus colonise a new island; though as it would require a pair of the same species to be carried away together, such accidents would no doubt be rare. Insects, however, and land shells would almost certainly be abundant on such a raft or island; and in this way we may account for the wide dispersal of many species of both these groups.

But such causes cannot be accepted as sufficient to account for the dispersal of mammalia as a whole; and whenever a considerable number of the mammals of two countries are found to exhibit distinct marks of relationship, it is likely a land connection, or at all events an approach to within a very few miles of each other, has at one time existed.

It is therefore suggested that all the animals and birds which inhabit the oceanic islands must have reached them by crossing the ocean; or they must be the descendants of ancestors who did so; and that those which inhabit islands adjacent to continents, may partly have been left there when the separation from the mainland was effected.

Grains of Gold.

We cannot too soon convince ourselves how easily we may be dispensed with in the world.

Friendly discourse at table promotes health, and without it the table is too apt to become a manger.

As malarious air may endanger a good constitution, so bad companions endanger a good character.

Strive to be rich in knowledge. A man gets more than the value of whatever he gives in exchange for learning.

Cultivate cheerfulness, if only for personal profit. You will do and bear every duty and burden better by being cheerful.

If people only said and did what it was absolutely necessary to say and do, this would be a world of silence and leisure.

Suffering is the [illegible] which turns up the [illegible] wise Heavenly Husbandman.

There are words which can separate [illegible] sooner than sharp swords; there are words whose sting can remain in the heart through a whole life.

A healthy body is good; but a soul right health it is a thing beyond all others to be prayed for, the most blessed thing this earth receives of Heaven.

Life is a crucible. We are thrown into it, and tried. The actual weight and value of a man are expressed in the spiritual substance of the man. All else is dross.

Beware of losing Hope. Hope alone is the light by which we sad-featured dwellers among Christian tombs can find our way—the twilight, for it is but a twilight of Christian experience.

To be happy, the passions must be cheerful and gay—not gloomy and melancholy. A propensity to hope and joy is real riches; one to fear and sorrow, real poverty.

It is better to yield a little than quarrel a great deal. The habit of "standing up," as people call it, for their little rights is one of the most disagreeable and unbecoming in the world.

No one need hope to rise above his present situation who suffers small things to pass by unimproved, or who neglects, metaphorically speaking, to pick up a penny because it is not a dollar.

The bad and vicious may be boisterously gay, and vulgarly humorous, but seldom or never [illegible] certain index of a happy mind and a pure, good heart.

We see, with pain, how frequently a husband or wife is quick-sighted to see faults or mistakes in the other which would [illegible]

There [illegible]

A Blessing to Humanity.

A lady residing in Georgia, whose son was threatened with consumption, wrote to one of our old patients, Mrs. M. T. Piercy of No. 1327 Wallace Street, Philadelphia, asking if [illegible] in favor of Compound Oxygen, to which she saw her name attached, was genuine, and received the following reply: "Yes, it is genuine." It is my pleasure to say, in reply to your inquiry about the Compound Oxygen Treatment, that it is all that is claimed for it, and more than can be expressed in print. My health is perfect, and I have gained a half of the appearance to give me a new start. A blessing to mankind. And to my friends and [illegible] I would say, personally, I think it has a wonderful power to expel disease. I can not [illegible] but I can reply with all sincerity, as Dr. Starkey's agent and faithful physician, and a true man. I would advise you to [illegible] and [illegible] containing large reports of cases [illegible] sent free. Address Drs. STARKEY & PALEN 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Femininities.

There is manifested in some parts of the West a desire to abolish the wedding-ring.

The affections of a woman are like pearls—often thrown up by the stormy ocean of adversity.

The average allowance of pins to each young lady in the United States is one hundred and forty yearly.

Dog collars made of small scarlet flowers are effectively worn with costumes of black surah and Spanish lace.

Beaded gloves are becoming fashionable; and even beaded boots are now worn for full dress or evening wear.

The widow of the late Asa Packer owns four of the Thousand Islands—a property which was bought for $50, and is now valued at $100,000.

A pair were married at Newport, R. I., recently, after an unbroken courtship of thirty-five years. That is what may be rightly termed a slow [illegible]

Some excessively curious women in Kansas held a coal-oil lamp so near a new-born baby's face to discover the color of its eyes, that the little one's sight was destroyed.

The application of hand painting to accessories of dress is daily gaining fresh importance. The latest novelty is painting on the corner hem of China silk handkerchiefs.

A young man of 24 has married his aunt, aged 38, in Buffalo, and the Judge of the Municipal Court, who performed the marriage, tells a complainant that there is no law of the State forbidding it.

English tailors are still making cloth jackets for ladies. The most stylish are of fine plain black cloth. The more eccentric have a turned-up military collar embroidered in gold, and facings embroidered in the same style, as well as the rounded pockets. The buttons are of gilt metal.

A committee on tableaux at a centennial celebration in Vermont issued an invitation asking "all the pretty women in town" to meet at the hall to take part in the tableaux, and every woman in the place came around. That committee knew how to get plenty of help.

Mrs. Jones went to a pic-nic the other day—one of those quiet picnics with no fuss, where you get up at 4 o'clock in the morning, pack off four children and ten lunch-baskets, and gad around in the heat all day—and it made Mrs. Jones so tired she had to do two days' washing before she felt rested.

The Crown Princess of Germany is [illegible] and all that [illegible] velvet and satin gowns, with velvet hats and plumes to match.

Down in Salem the other day a bright little girl was sent to get some eggs, and on her way back stumbled and fell, making sad havoc with the contents of her basket. "Won't you catch it when you get home, though?" exclaimed her companion. "No, indeed, I won't!" she answered, "I've got a [illegible]

When two people of opposite sex, temperament, and habits resolve to live together for the rest of their lives, there is need of sentiment between them. There is a necessity for a little of that romance that makes people seem better and more beautiful than they really are, if in time they would not hate each other.

A Detroit young man denounces the poke bonnet "because they chafe his ears." Here, now, is a question for scientists. Can they explain how it it is that a bonnet worn by one person can chafe the ears of another person not wearing it? Eh? How's that? Oh—well, well, now that may be it. How stupid not to see it before.

Dean Stanley, it is said, never recovered [illegible]

There has been a great deal of [illegible] the two Western [illegible] there was much [illegible] had made friends. "Not a bit of it. I hate every bone in my son-in-law's body." "Why did you let him marry your daughter, then?" "To get even [illegible] knew that [illegible]"

These women were standing side by side [illegible] the contents of her basket, and moved away. [illegible] ethook where it fell into the umbrella [illegible] [illegible] nature was the human—a spontaneous musical harmony, such as a world in tune might yield or discord was invented.

News Notes.

Railroads in Mexico and Texas employ 40,000 men.

Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, is the father of ten children.

In Europe a sleeping-car is clumsily called a "bed-wagon."

Annual whitewashing with lime has killed many young trees.

Col. Ingersoll is said to be voraciously fond of fried onions.

One person out of every 246,622 is yearly struck by lightning.

There were 268 lives lost at sea during the fiscal year of 1880-'81.

An autograph letter of Mozart recently brought $500 in Paris.

Twenty-two murders have stained Chicago since January 1.

A Michigan youth has died of lockjaw from strain in racing.

Rich Hebrews are remorselessly persecuted in Southern Russia.

There are 68,000 colored children in the public schools of Virginia.

German medical professors recommend the testing of milk by weight.

In Belgium and the north of France green gooseberry sauce is served with sausages.

It is said that General Grant has made $750,000 during the past year in stock speculations.

Nineteen-twentieths of the business of the country is done by checks, drafts, and paper money.

The Orkney Islands have exported during the past twelve months more than eleven million eggs.

Peas and beans may be prepared for canning by simply cooking them as you would for the table.

The hemlock makes a beautiful hedge screen, and retains its fresh green hue throughout winter.

Gas-tar and coal-ashes make a better walk than by mixing the former with either sand or gravel.

Whittaker, the colored cadet, wants to exhibit his ears on the lecture platform for $5,000 a season.

The official language in the Transvaal is to be Dutch, and no other will be allowed in the law courts.

An eighty-four-pound salmon was recently caught in the Columbia river. It filled sixty-nine cans.

The remnants of a carriage made in the fourth or fifth century have been found in Denmark in a [illegible]

An interesting social event in Charlotte, S. C., the coming fall will be the marriage of a blind girl to a deaf.

The paper for the Bank of England notes has been made in the same mill in Laverstoke, Hampshire, since 1719.

John W. Garrett, President of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, purchased while abroad $100,000 worth of foreign pictures.

The next use of the Mayflower, after her memorable voyage to America, was to carry a cargo of slaves to the West Indies.

Sitting Bull sells his autograph at the varying prices of $2, and $5, and has parted with his pipe to a lover of relics for $10.

A process has been discovered by which [illegible]

A colored [illegible] has found [illegible] at the [illegible]

The electric light has been tested from a United States ship. Objects could be detected at a distance of one mile and a quarter.

One hundred and twenty Egyptian soldiers were lately killed in an affray in Soudan by a population infuriated by the preaching of a false prophet.

Governor Hawkins, of Tennessee, recently pardoned a number of convicts, and within three weeks three of them were arrested again for burglary.

A Jersey firm are making a bicycle with the small wheel in front. This, they claim, will prevent the rider from pitching forward when the machine stops.

The letter which the President sent to [illegible] some time ago [illegible] to [illegible] the [illegible] to [illegible]

Nebraska imposes a license fee of $1,000 in cities of 10,000 inhabitants, and $500 in smaller places. An effort to have it declared unconstitutional was [illegible]

Johnny Nash of San Francisco, who [illegible] on [illegible] San Francisco's slight of the payment of a fine for drunkenness.

The Ohioan who slapped the face of a man because he made a heartless remark about the President has [illegible]

Evangelist Moody [illegible] Mary, after entering the ranks. Two gifts of money [illegible] the cost of a home were [illegible]

Indulgent Parents

Will find that children to eat heaping of high-seasoned food, rich pies, cakes, etc., will have to use Hop Bitters to prevent indigestion, dangerous sickness, pain and perhaps death. No family is safe without them in the house.

Some months ago "The Saturday Evening Post" commenced telling its readers about

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

About its being a labor saving invention destined to afford wonderful relief to overworked women and servant girls; that it was as necessary to the comfort of the Rich as of the Poor; that the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes was a better way and an easier way than the old way, and that it would answer both for the finest laces and garments and for the coarser clothing of the laboring classes that the directions were so simple and easy that a child could have no trouble in following them, and that it was a cheap soap to use, that a few minutes' time on the part of a housekeeper of ordinary intelligence was all that was necessary to show the girl or washerwoman how to use it, and every housekeeper should insist on its being used **exactly by the directions, and should not listen to any excuse for not using it.**

The Saturday Evening Post also endorsed all these statements, and told its readers that the Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes **never failed** when the soap fell in the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor.

A Person of Refinement,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would be glad to adopt an easy, clean, neat way of washing clothes in place of the old, hard sloppy, filthy way.

A Person of Intelligence,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions

A Person of Honor,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy an article and then not follow the directions so strongly insisted on

And Sensible Persons,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would not get mad when new and improved ways were brought to their notice, but would few thankful that better ways had been brought to their notice.

Time Has Shown

That these efforts have been appreciated, through the advertisements in this paper and the unqualified endorsement of every claim made for the Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, the Frank Siddalls Soap has been sent to every State in the Union where *The Saturday Evening Post* circulates, and overworked or annoyed housekeepers from every section have written their letters of thanks for having had their attention drawn to this great improvement

The Frank Siddalls Soap

Has already been introduced into a number of public institutions through *The Saturday Evening Post* and other religious papers. Among others, the Sisters of the Convent of the Visitation of Mayaville, Ky., have written a splendid testimonial. They say that the Soap has given wonderful satisfaction, both in the laundry and for the bath and toilet. They use it for taking out grease-spots from black goods, for washing burns and blisters, and for every household use.

AND NOW KICK AWAY THE OLD WASH-BOILER—remember that prejudice is a sign of ignorance—and give one honest trial to the FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

After getting the opinion of noted housekeepers it was decided to adopt what is probably the most liberal proposition ever made to the public. When a lady sees that it is to her own interest to try the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, and cannot find the Soap at the store where she resides, she can get a cake by mail ONLY on the following FOUR conditions.

Persons who do not comply with all FOUR of these conditions must not expect any notice to be taken of their letters.

1st. Enclose the retail price (10 cents) in money or stamps.
2d. Say in her letter in what paper she saw the advertisement
3d. Promise that the soap shall be used on the whole of a regular family wash
4th. Promise that the person sending will personally see that every little direction shall be strictly followed.

Now, in return, the lady will get a regular ten-cent cake of Soap. To make it carry safely it will be put in a metal envelope that costs six cents, and fifteen cents in postage stamps will be put on, it will be enough to do a large wash and there will be no excuse for a single lady reader of *The Saturday Evening Post* for not doing away with all of her wash-day troubles.

Gentlemen are requested not to send for the Soap until their wives have promised to faithfully comply with every requirement.

The Frank Siddalls IMPROVED WAY of Washing Clothes.

Easy and Ladylike; Sensible Persons Follow these Rules Exactly, or Dont Buy the Soap.

The soap washes freely in hard water. Dont use soda or lye. Dont use borax. Dont use anything but FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

THE WASH-BOILER MUST NOT BE USED: NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER.

Heat the wash water in the tea kettle, the wash water should only be lukewarm and consequently a tea-kettle will answer for even a large wash.

A wash boiler which stands unused several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which injures some delicate ingredients that are in this soap. **Always use lukewarm water. Never use very hot water,** and wash the white flannels with the other white pieces. The less water that the clothes are put to soak in, the better will be the result with the Frank Siddalls Soap.

First.—Cut the soap in half, it will go further. Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water. Draw it out on the washboard, and rub on the soap lightly, not missing any soiled places. Then roll the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes or one hour—by the clock—and let the soap do its work.

Next.—After soaking the full time, commence by rubbing a piece lightly on the wash board, and all the dirt will drop out, turn each garment inside out so as to get at the seams, but DONT use any more soap; DONT scald or boil a single piece, or they will turn yellow; and DONT wash through TWO suds. If the wash-water gets entirely too dirty, dip some of it out and add a little clean water. Never rub hard, or the dirt will be rubbed in—but rub lightly and the dirt will drop out. All dirt can readily be got out in ONE suds; if a streak is hard to wash, soap it again and throw back in the suds for a few minutes, but DONT keep the soap on the wash-board, nor lying in the water, or it will waste. Do not expect this soap to wash out stains that have been SET by the old way of washing.

Next comes the rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out. Wash each piece lightly on the washboard (without using any more soap), and see that all the dirty suds are got out.

Next, the blue-water; which can be either lukewarm or cold. Use sparingly of bluing, for this soap takes the place of bluing. *Stir a piece of the soap in the blue-water until the water gets decidedly soapy.* Put the clothes through this soapy blue water, wring them, and hang them out to dry *without any more rinsing, and without soaping or boiling a single piece.* Washed this way the clothes will NOT smell of the soap, but will smell as sweet as new. Afterward wash the colored pieces and colored flannels the same way as the other pieces. It is not a good way, nor a clean way, to put clothes to soak over night. Such long soaking sets dirt, and makes the clothes harder to wash.

If at any time the wash water gets too cool to be comfortable, add enough water out of the tea kettle to warm it. Should there be too much lather, use less soap next time, if not lather enough, use more soap.

For Washing Horses, Dogs, and other Domestic Animals, The Frank Siddalls Soap is without an equal. It is excellent for washing the dirt out of scratches and sores on horses. Fleas, Lice, and other vermin on animals, are attracted by dirt; wash the animal clean, and there is no dirt for the vermin to thrive on. It takes the smell of mildew off the farmer's hands. Try the Frank Siddalls Soap for Shaving, it leaves the most tender skin smooth and soft; try it for Washing the Baby; try it for cleaning Sores, Wounds, and for Hospital Use generally, in place of the Imported Castile soap. It will not irritate the face and neck when sore from sunburn, nor the Baby when cutting with its clothing.

Persons who have had their Skin Poisoned by the Poison Oak or Poison Sumac, or those who are afflicted with Salt Rheum, Tetter, Erysipelas, Pimples or Blotches on the face, Old Stubborn Ulcers, Rolling Piles, etc., often find that the use of Castile or toilet soaps seems to aggravate their trouble. The Frank Siddalls Soap, on the contrary, will agree with the most delicate skin, it can be used both in health and disease, and can always be depended on not to irritate the skin even of the youngest infant, and for that reason is recommended by many physicians and nurses for washing burns and scalds and all sore surfaces of the skin in preference to the best Castile soap.

For use in the Sick Room, for Washing Utensils, bedding etc., and for Washing an Invalid, it is highly recommended by physicians and others as remarkable for being both mild and at the same time thoroughly cleansing.

Remember it does not stain the Clothing or Bedding, and it is not necessary to rinse the suds thoroughly off as with most other soaps.

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS, OFFICE OF

FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP,

718 Callowhill St., Philadelphia, Pa.

In New York the Frank Siddalls Soap is sold by such wholesale houses as Williams & Potter, Francis H. Leggett & Co., Burkhalter, Masten & Co., Woodruff, Spencer & Stout, and others, and by many retail grocers in New York and Brooklyn, is sold in Philadelphia by nearly every wholesale and retail grocer, and is rapidly growing to be the most Popular Soap in the United States.

A few of the MANY THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS that are received at the Office of THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP are printed in this week's "Saturday Evening Post." By reference to Mr. Siddall's affidavit, it will be seen that he makes positive affidavit that these testimonials are all genuine. In addition, a gentleman connected with the staff of this paper has personally examined every one of the postals and letters from which the testimonials were copied, and THEY ARE UNDOUBTEDLY GENUINE, proving that THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP will do everything claimed, when the directions are followed, and will make clothes clean, sweet and white without boiling or scalding,

and that any statements to the contrary are either ignorant falsehoods or malicious falsehoods.

It surpasses all other soap, and the labor in washing is not half what it is the old way.

Bennett, Neb., June 18, 1881.

Mr. Frank Siddall.

Dear Sir: After a trial of your way of washing with your Soap, it gives me great pleasure to state that it surpasses all other soaps and preparations that I have seen used. The labor is hardly half what it is the old way. Please send me prices. Yours respectfully,

SALOME WILSON

A voice from the far West, from a large co-operative concern.

We have tried the Frank Siddalls Soap, and the success is so great that we must have it. It is certainly all you say it is. I am President of a Co-operative Concern, where we have eight clerks, and desire your list of prices, as we must have it.

JAMES W. TAYLOR,
Lehi City, Utah Co., Utah.

June 29, 1881.

Can be termed the Housekeeper's Relief.

Have used your Soap according to the directions, and find it a complete cleanser and sweetener of all clothing, and will use no other if I can procure it, and will do all I can to introduce it among my friends. I think it can be termed "the Housekeeper's Relief," for the old wash-day is one of the most trying that falls to the lot of housekeepers.

MRS. J. B. LITTLE,
McGaheysville, Buckingham Co., Va.

June 20, 1881.

Must prove a great boon to the human family.

North Haverhill, N. H., June 24, 1881.

Mr. Frank Siddall:

Dear Sir: The Soap you sent me has been tried, and the result, for clothes, shaving, and other purposes, has proven satisfactory. I think its general use must prove a great boon to the human family. Respectfully yours,

E. EASTMAN.

Washes in the hard water of Kansas.

Sir: I have tried the Frank Siddalls Soap, both with hard and soft water, and with satisfactory results, the labor not being more than one-half what it would have been with other soap, while the articles washed were cleaner and whiter than by the old plan. I used the Soap exactly by the directions.

MARY THAYER,
Ottumwa, Coffee Co., Kan.

June 11, 1881.

Used both in soft and hard water.

Monticello, Minn., June 13, 1881.

Dear Sir: The cake of Frank Siddalls Soap came to hand, and I have tried it both in soft and hard water, and I pronounce it the best Soap I have ever used. Please give me the price by the box.

MRS. J. W. HANAFORD.

A reverend gentleman and his family perfectly astonished.

Dear Sir: The cake of soap came to hand last Saturday, and to-day we tried it on a family wash. When the clothes came from the wash we were astonished. They were—well, see Mark ix. 3 for a description.

We are delighted, and now I want to know the prices, for my wife says she never wants to go back to the old way of washing. Yours truly,

REV. C. GALEENER.

A two weeks' wash done in two hours, and the authority of a postmistress for saying so.

I have tried the Frank Siddalls Soap, and am very much pleased with it, and have done a two weeks' wash in two hours, which would have taken half a day's hard labor to do by the old way of washing. Any woman can do her own washing with it, as the Soap does all the hard work. Some of the clothes were very badly soiled, but came out clean and white. Please let me know by return mail what it will cost, as I don't see how I can do without it.

Yours respectfully,

C. WASHABAUGH, P. M.,
Broad Ford, Pa.

June 15, 1881.

A heartfelt tribute to the Frank Siddalls Soap.

Dear Sir: There are not words in the English language to express the gratitude at the result of the Frank Siddalls Soap. I find it just as recommended, and believe in time it will be as universally used as the sewing machine. If I cannot persuade any of our grocerymen to order it, I shall send for some for myself and to supply my friends. Please let me know the price.

MRS. JOSHUA SMITH,
Deposit, Broome Co., N. Y.

July 5, 1881.

Makes flannels as soft as new.

Hornellsville, Steuben Co., N. Y.

Frank Siddall, Esq.:

We found your Soap to be more than you claim for it, for my wife says that for washing white flannels she never saw anything that came anywhere near equaling it, for they were very stiff, and had a stained look, but after one washing with the Frank Siddalls Soap they came out clean and white and as soft as new.

JAMES E. BEACH.

A success for washing colored clothes.

Forge Village, Mass., June 26, 1881.

Mr. Siddall:

I received your Soap, and have used it according to directions. It works charmingly. I like it better than any soap I have ever used. I was a little afraid of it on colored clothes, but used it as the directions say, and they looked as nice as I could want. Would like to know the price by the box, as our grocer does not keep it. Yours truly.

MRS. SARAH P. PRESCOTT.

AFFIDAVIT.

Before me, a Justice of the Peace in and for the City of Philadelphia, personally appeared Frank H. Siddall, well known to me as a prominent citizen of Philadelphia in good standing, and made the following affidavit:

I served an apprenticeship to the Drug and Chemical Business with the well known Philadelphia drug firm of John C. Baker & Co.; attended three full courses of Lectures on Chemistry, Materia Medica, and the Preparation of Medicines, at the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, and graduated March, 1856; and up to the time of my entering into the manufacturing of THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP—a period of twenty-five years—was engaged in the Wholesale and Retail Drug Business, the greater part of that time on my own account.

I hereby make solemn affidavit that the FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP is not a medicated preparation, but is made from fine materials, entirely free from any deleterious fats, acids, or other injurious substances, and that the wonderful healing properties that it appears to have, on old and recent sores and ulcers, chapped and inflamed surfaces, and itching of the skin, tetter, salt rheum, itching piles, &c., &c., sores and scratches, mange, and scabby skin troubles of dogs, hogs and other animals, must be entirely due to the purity of the materials of which it is composed, the clean process by which it is made, and the great care taken during every stage of its manufacture to see that none of its ingredients shall be soiled by careless or ignorant manipulation; and that my success in the production of such a superior soap is attributable to the same reason that one housekeeper will produce sweet, light and wholesome bread, where others, who use equally as good flour, will, through defective management, have sour, heavy and indigestible bread.

I do solemnly declare that while it was never intended for, and is not, nor is it claimed to be, a medical preparation, or having any special medical properties, there is no question but that it is a valuable aid to the physician, from its remarkable cleansing, purifying and deodorizing properties, which so thoroughly remove all foreign matter from the skin that nature is enabled to carry on its own healing functions.

I do solemnly declare that the testimonials published from time to time are copies of genuine letters received at my office in due course of business, the originals being on file and open to the inspection of the public.

I further declare that all the claims made for it are true in every particular, and that statements that it will not do everything claimed, when the directions are followed, are malicious or ignorant falsehoods; that it actually makes clothing clean, sweet and white without boiling or scalding or hard rubbing, and is equally good for calico, lawns, blankets, flannels, fine laces and fine clothing, as well as the more soiled garments of farmers, miners, blacksmiths and laborers; removing the grime, dust and dirt from the skin of engineers and firemen, cleansing and removing the smell from milk utensils, and the hands of those who attend to milking, and superior for cleaning nursing bottles and tubing, and consequently of great advantage in the nursery; and that it can be made to go so much further than other soap for all uses, and saves so much fuel when used on the family wash, that it is the cheapest soap that even the poorest family can buy.

I do further solemnly declare that it is used by myself and family, to the exclusion of all other soap, for toilet, shaving, bathing, and all household purposes, and in place of Castile soap for cleaning the teeth, and in the washing of cuts and wounds; and that I have positive knowledge, from my own personal and home experience, that even its long-continued use will not injure the skin of those using it, nor the most delicate fabrics washed with it

FRANK H. SIDDALL.

The above affidavit affirmed and subscribed before me this twenty-fourth day of June, A. D. 1881.

EZRA LUKENS Magistrate of Court No. 12.

A boon to womankind.

157 Wilton Street, Jersey City, June 29, 1881.

My wife desires me to write and say she is delighted with the Soap you sent as a labor-saver and thorough cleanser. "She never saw the like." It has no equal; it possesses all the peculiar characteristics you claim for it, and it is truly "a boon to womankind." We shall never be without it, and you have many thanks for your kindness in sending us a sample.

Very truly yours,

E. F. CROWEN.

The Frank Siddalls Soap saves money.

Morristown, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.

Dear Sir: Your Soap was received and given a good test by my wife.

It saves money in several ways, to wit: Saves soap, wood, water, etc. Will always be glad to give it the best recommendation of any soap that we have had anything to do with. Yours respectfully,

GEO. H. RUSSEL.

P. S.—How can we get the Soap? We keep store, and would like to have your Soap for sale.

Washed forty-five pieces in two hours, and never saw better washing.

Bonham, Fannin County, Texas, June 14, 1881.

We gave your Soap a fair trial on a large wash for six persons—executed the whole job in about two hours, and find the soap everything it is recommended to be. I never saw better washing; the ladies are delighted, and now I want to know the price for two or three boxes.

Yours truly, W. E. CARMEY.

As soon think of doing without bread and butter.

After giving the Frank Siddalls Soap a thorough trial, I can conscientiously say that it is all you recommend it to be. I should about as soon be without bread and butter at my meals, as now to be without the Frank Siddalls Soap.

MRS. M. I. THORN,
Bat 200, Alden, Erie County, N. Y.

June 27, 1881.

Will wash badly stained articles.

May 8, 1881.

I have washed with your Soap according to the directions, and find that it does all you claim for it. Some of the articles were badly stained, and it took the stains out with little trouble or labor. Please let me know the price by the box.

MAG. A. PETTUS,
Parnelfo, Sevier Co., Arkansas.

It is hard to go back to the old way.

Murdock, Douglass Co., Ill., June 26, 1881.

Sir: I found your soap to be all it is recommended, for it saves me more than half the labor. It is hard to go back to the old way of washing. Please let me know how you sell it and I will send for some, for it is remarkable how it works.

KATE KRACHT.

A most wonderful and labor-saving discovery.

Forest Home, Warren Co., Miss., June 14, 1881.

Frank Siddall, Esq.:

Your Soap fulfills in every particular all you claim for it. It is so satisfactory that my wife wishes me to buy a box of it. It is a most wonderful and labor-saving discovery, and I shall not hesitate to recommend it in the strongest terms to my neighbors. Send me your terms for one or more boxes. Yours respectfully,

L. RAWSON.

"A person don't know how easy a washing is until Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes is tried."

Arapahoe, Furnas Co., Nebraska, June 9, 1881.

Tried your Soap yesterday on a big wash, and I can thankfully say that it does all that is claimed for it: and the clothes came off the line cleaner and whiter than the old way of washing makes them. A person don't know how easy a washing is, until they try Frank Siddalls way of washing; it does away with the hard work.

Now I want to know the price of the Soap by the box, for I expect to use no other. Respectfully yours,

SALLIE MEYERHOEFFER.

God bless the inventor of the Frank Siddalls Soap.

Blossburg, Tioga Co., Pa., June 15, 1881.

Mr. Frank Siddall:

Your Soap was received and used by the directions, and I was surprised at the results. Your Soap is all you claim it to be. God bless the inventor of Frank Siddalls Soap!

Yours respectfully, J. P. MORRELL.

Its softening effects on the skin a reality.

Yazoo City, Mississippi, July 5, 1881.

I have given the Frank Siddalls Soap a trial under my personal supervision, and am more than pleased and satisfied with the result. In addition to its other merits, it takes out sewing machine oil stains like magic. I am in love with it for the toilet and bath. When the lather is allowed to stay on the body the skin feels as soft and pliant as if it had been anointed with oil or cream. Please let me know the price by the box.

MRS. M. A. HARRISON.

Charmed with its wonderful work.

St. Joseph, Louisiana, June 20, 1881.

Have tried the Soap in strict accordance with the directions, and am charmed with it. Its work is wonderful. I would like to know where to get more, and the price by the box.

MRS. H. NICHOLS.

From a Philadelphia Grocer, showing that sensible wash-women recommend it.

61st St. and Hazel Av., West Phila., July 7, 1881.

Dear Sir: We have been using your Soap for some time, and find it all that you promise. Our wash-woman uses it just as directed, and has no trouble in washing, and we sell a great deal through her recommendation.

J. C. HAEFLICH, Grocer.

The dirt all came out with the Soap.

Hadley, Lapeer Co., Mich.

Dear Sir: We have followed your directions, and are very much pleased with the result. While we were washing out the soap from the clothes the dirt all came out. We have never used anything to wash with that began to compare with your Soap.

Please inform us what your terms are, and oblige

MRS. A. N. HART.

The rubbing is so light that it does not seem like work.

Muldoon, Mississippi, June 17, 1881.

Mr. Frank Siddall:

Your Soap received, and gives perfect satisfaction. The only trouble with it is that the rubbing is so light that it does not seem at all like work. How, and at what price can I obtain the Soap by the box? Yours, etc.,

MRS. A. KILMER.

The happiest wash-day in thirty-seven years.

Dear Sir:

My wife and servant have given the Frank Siddalls Soap a trial according to directions. And now let me say: Thirty and seven years have I lived in this evil world, and never before have I seen such a happy wash-day; no steam, no heat, no unpleasant odor, no work. Please send price for box at once, as we want it in time for the wash next week. Very truly,

J. C. STEPHENS.
Trinity M. E. Church.

Lafayette, Ind., June 22, 1881.

A prejudiced jury decides in favor of the Frank Siddalls Soap.

Butler, Pendleton Co., Ky., June 16, 1881.

Have just put The Frank Siddalls Soap on trial, having submitted the case to a prejudiced jury (my wife). The verdict is in favor of the Soap. My wife says it will do all that is claimed for it in the way of washing clothes, and no mistake. Please give me information as to how it can be procured. Yours truly,

C. A. WANDELOHR.

Not only all, but more than is claimed for it, and Frank Siddall will be regarded as a public benefactor.

429 Larimer St., P. O. Box 1785, Denver, Col.
July 3, 1881.

I have used The Frank Siddalls Soap as directed, and was gratified to find that it was not only all, but more than you claimed for it. As soon as your Soap is in general use you will be regarded as a public benefactor. Please advise me of the price by the box, for I must have it for my use, as I find it good for all purposes; and although when I sent for it I thought it to be a humbug, I now most cheerfully bear testimony to its genuineness and worth.

Yours very truly,

MRS. M. W. BRANDENBURG.

The Frank Siddalls Soap too much for the black, waxy soil of the West.

Brandon, Hill Co., Tex., June 12, 1881.

Dear Sir: To-day my wife has done a big wash with your Soap, and is delighted with it; says it don't take half the water the old way does, and she don't have to stand over a steam bath from boiling hot suds, and the clothes dry out clear and white, and smell as nice.

Our black, waxy soil makes clothing awful dirty, but your soap roots it out with but little rubbing.

Our water is very hard, but your Soap washes nicely in it, and we did not have to use soda or lye as we do when using other soap. Please send prices.

GEORGE BLANCHARD.

It is not asking much to ask for one wash-day a FAIR, HONEST TRIAL of the Most Wonderful Soap and the Most Wonderful Way of Washing Clothes Ever Discovered.

The Frank Siddalls Soap is excellent for washing mirrors, window glass, car windows, and all kinds of glass vessels; also for washing milk utensils, and for removing the smell from the hands after milking. Where water is scarce or has to be carried far, it is well to know that a few buckets of water will answer for doing a large wash when the Frank Siddalls Soap is used according to the directions.

For Sale by a number of Wholesale Grocers in Pittsburgh;—S. Ewart & Co.; Curry & Metzgar; Johnson, Eagye & Earl; John Porterfield & Co., and others.

ABOUT GLOVES.

THERE is a very good reason to believe that the Jews were acquainted with the use of gloves long before the times of the Judges, and when the Revision of the Old Testament appears, it is probable that in two places the word glove will be substituted for the word shoe. The first occurs in Ruth, where it is said that in matters concerning the redemption of land it was the custom in Israel to confirm the agreement by plucking off the shoe and giving it to a neighbor. The Talmud calls this "the clothing of the hand." Thus translated, the practice would in principle somewhat resemble some of the uses to which gloves were applied in the Middle Ages. They were often employed in ceremonies of investiture, and bishops both in France and Germany were frequently formally put in possession of their sees by the delivery of a glove. Hence it became so nearly connected with ecclesiastical forms that the church more than once solemnly considered the subject. In France, at the beginning of the ninth century, the Council of Aix forbade the monks to wear gloves of any other material than sheepskin. Gloves, therefore, were considered everywhere a mark of dignity and honor.

At the coronation of the French Kings, gloves were solemnly blessed and given to the monarch, and the custom was only definitely abandoned with the establishment of the Republic.

Every one has heard of the method of degrading an unworthy knight by hacking off his spurs, but perhaps many may not be aware that to take away the gloves was a like emblem of disgrace. Thus, in England, in the reign of Edward II, when the Earl of Carlisle was condemned to death for treason, his gloves were taken from him at the same time that his spurs were cut off.

Upon the other side, the use of gloves has been also considered a mark of effeminacy. Such men as Socrates, who went barefooted in the coldest weather, would of course scorn them, whatever a dandy like Alcibiades might have done. Xenophon severely reproached the Persians for guarding their hands from the cold by wearing thick, heavy gloves. But all the Greeks did not think as he did.

Homer describes Laertes, the father of Ulysses, the hero of his Odyssey, wearing gloves while he worked in his garden. A philosopher of the first century after Christ says that it is shameful that persons in perfect health should clothe their hands and feet with soft, hairy covering. A story, indeed, is told of a really disgraceful purpose to which gloves were once put. A certain Roman glutton, when invited to a banquet, always made his appearance with gloves on. This, he said, enabled him to snatch at the viands, while they were yet hot, and thus he could eat more than the other guests. This was, of course, before the time when table-forks were used. They were not employed anywhere until the fifteenth century, when they were first adopted in Italy. Many of the Romans were great epicures, and Varro positively asserts that olives picked by the naked hand had a better flavor than when gloves were worn. To our minds the difference, if any, would be in favor of the gloves.

Most of us have read the pretty old story of Cunigunda. It has been told in both prose and verse. She sat with her favored lover, looking down into the arena where lions had been brought to fight. When the largest and the fiercest animal appeared she threw down her glove and bid her knight descend and fetch it back to her. The brave man did so at once, barely escaping with his life, and as he gave back the glove he said, "I give my love and your troth back with it." And he turned and never saw his hard hearted lady-love again. The glove has in modern times been the signal for a challenge; to hurl down a glove to an opponent is to invite him to a duel, and to pick it up is to accept the invitation. At the coronation of the English sovereigns a knight in full armor yet rides in and throws down his iron gauntlet or glove, challenging, to mortal combat any and all who dispute the title to the throne.

THE blacksmith at Gaines' Mill, Va., is kept busy making horses shoes out of gun barrels picked up by his neighbors on the field of battle. A saw-mill on Turkey Island creek was a year or so ago blown up by a shell that was imbedded in the heart of an oak cut on Malvern Hill.

ELIXIR Vitæ for Women.—Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., has made the discovery! Her Vegetable Compound is a positive cure for female complaints. A line addressed to this lady will elicit all necessary information.

SHORT-SIGHTED.

A farmer had seven daughters,
And but little else he had;
The girls all had good appetites,
And times were very bad.

He bribed the country paper
To say in his cellar's mould
He had hidden, being a miser,
Seven kegs of pure, bright gold.

He thought he knew human nature,
That farmer, and he smiled
When down the seventh rope-ladder,
Saw elope his seventh child.

But it's extremely doubtful
If at the time he foresaw
Their return with his fourteen grand-children
And seven sons-in-law.

—BURDETTE.

Humorous.

Hot wether—Roast mutton.

Job boiled over when his patience gave way.

A useless waist—One that will not be squeezed.

"Let's strip the light fantastic toe," said the chiropodist to his patient.

It is a homely saying—that pity without relief is like mustard without beef.

In what respect is an ill-bred person like lightning? He does not know how to conduct himself.

Rejected lover—What is the most fashionable way to commit suicide? Sailing in to wallop an editor.

"Why do they put a looking-glass at the bottom of the hat?" So the man that buys it can see whether it fits him.

"Prisoner, have you ever been convicted?" "No, your Honor; I have always employed first-class lawyers."

An Indiana man arrayed himself in his wife's clothing, and then hanged himself. Probably he wanted to say it was all her fault.

A man who has been spending the summer at watering-places writes home that he thinks he'll take a vacation soon and get rested.

When a man keeps on talking to you after he has said, "A word to the wise is sufficient," the time to take summary vengeance has arrived.

It is a curious arrangement that compels people to go to bed at night, when they are not sleepy, and get up in the morning, when they are.

Some men when they go to church never think of studying the frescoing on the ceiling of the edifice until the collection-plate is being passed around.

Applicants for positions in the census bureau at Washington should be examined upon an ordinary railroad time-table. If they can work out the problems therein set forth they are born statisticians.

A little boy, while looking out of the window of his home, saw a fan-tailed pigeon alight in front of the house. "Oh, mother, come here!" he exclaimed, "and see a pigeon with a bustle and train on."

Some Italians were standing in front of a thermometer outside a scientific-instrument maker's, when one of them said, "Hot weather, go up macaroni-stem; cold weather, come down macaroni-stem."

"I say, Jenkins, can you tell a young, tender chicken from an old tough one?" "Why, of course I can. "Well, how?" "By the teeth." "My dear fellow, chickens have no teeth." "Yes, but I have."

"How do you suppose a man can go on preaching when you annoy him in this way?" was the question which a preacher in Deadwood put to his congregation when a man was shot in church at the morning service.

The other night one of the Old Dominion steamships in approaching Norfolk made use of the electric light. A colored woman on shore, astounded at the spectacle, was heard to exclaim, "Good lawd! de comic's met de moon an' busted."

"Mary," he asked, "why am I like butter?" He expected her to say that it was because he was the genuine article, and he was completely crushed when she promptly replied: "Why, I guess it's because the hotter it gets the softer you act."

A Frenchman is about to be beheaded. Under the guillotine a priest approaches him and says: "My friend, have you any last wish to make? The wish of a dying man is sacred." "Yes," replied the doomed man, "I want to learn English."

"Oh, yes," sobbed a boy to his mother, when he returned from a private interview with his father—"Oh, yes, you take great pains to make Sis wear her hat when she goes out of doors for fear she will get tanned, but you don't care a bit how much pa tans me!"

A Leadville man in one week was attacked and scratched by a catamount, hurt by an explosion, had a bowlder roll down on him and break two ribs, and was kicked by a mule. A local editor remarked that he had "been somewhat annoyed by circumstances lately."

Parish Clerk (at a vestry meeting on the question of organ-blower's salary, the Rector in the chair): "You see, sir, it isn't as if it was only the hymns, but there's the comin' and the goin' out, and the 'sponses and the prayers, and the Psalms take a wonderful deal o' wind."

"A farmer," says an agricultural journal, "does not need so many hands since the invention of the reaping machine." No, by the teeth of the dragon; and as a rule he does not have so many, by about one-half. And if he has as many hands, ten to one he hasn't so many fingers.

An old man with a head as destitute of hair as a watermelon, entered a Chestnut-street drug store, and told the clerk he wanted a bottle of hair restorer. "What kind of hair restorer do you prefer?" "I reckon I'll have to take a bottle of red hair restorer. That was the color it used to be when I was a boy."

An Indianapolis ruralist seated himself in a restaurant the other day and began on a bill of fare. After employing three waiters nearly an hour in bringing dishes to him, he called one of them to him, heaved a sigh, and whispered as he put his finger on the bill of fare, "Mister, I've eat to thar, and"—moving his finger to the bottom of the bill—"ef it isn't agin the rule I would like to skip from thar to thar."

His Last Dose.

Said a sufferer from kidney troubles, when asked to try Kidney-Wort, "I'll try it, but it will be my last dose." The man got well, and is now recommending the remedy to all.

When derangement of the stomach acts upon the kidneys and liver, bringing disease and pain, Kidney-Wort is the true remedy. It removes the cause, and cures the disease. Liquid (very concentrated) or dry act equally efficiently.—Am. Cultivator.

DR. C. W. BENSON, of BALTIMORE, MD.

We give above a correct likeness of this well-known and successful physician and surgeon, who has made a life-long study of Nervous Diseases and the Diseases of the Skin, and he now stands in the highest rank, as authority on those special and distressing diseases. In the course of his practice he discovered what now are renowned in medical practice, viz: a combination of Celery and Chamomile in the shape of Pills. They are used by the profession at large, and constantly recommended by them.

It is not a patent medicine. It is the result of his own experience in practice. They are a SURE CURE for the following special diseases, and are worthy of a trial by all intelligent sufferers. They are prepared expressly to cure sick headache, nervous headache, dyspeptic headache, neuralgia, paralysis, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, and nervousness, and WILL CURE any case.

Sold by all druggists. Price, 50 cents a box. Depot, 106 North Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. By mail, two boxes for $1.00, or six boxes for $2.50, to any address.

DR. C. W. BENSON'S

DR. BENSON'S NEW REMEDY

SKIN CURE

AND TONIC PRESCRIPTION.

Is Warranted to Cure

ECZEMA, TETTERS, HUMORS, INFLAMMATION, MILK CRUST, ALL ROUGH SCALY ERUPTIONS, DISEASES OF HAIR AND SCALP, SCROFULA ULCERS, PIMPLES and TENDER ITCHINGS on all parts of the body. It makes the skin white, soft and smooth; removes tan and freckles, and is the BEST toilet dressing in THE WORLD. Elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, consisting of both internal and external treatment.

All first class druggists have it. Price $1. per package.

HOSTETTER'S

CELEBRATED

STOMACH

BITTERS

Though Shaken in Every Joint

And fiber with fever and ague, or bilious remittent, the system may yet be freed from the malignant virus with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Protect the system against it with this beneficent anti-spasmodic, which is furthermore a supreme remedy for liver complaint, constipation, dyspepsia, debility, rheumatism, kidney troubles and other ailments.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

NERVOUS-DEBILITY

Vitale Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.,
109 Fulton Street, New York.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound without caries, and your complexion fair use **RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.**

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or Bowels, either chronic, or constitutional, the virus of the disease is in the BLOOD which supplies the waste, and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair must be unsound.

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony, and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healthy current of new life. The skin, after a few days use of the Sarsaparillian becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, Blotches, Black Spots, and Skin Eruptions are removed; Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Eruptive Diseases of the Eyes, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat and Glands that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY, ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Mumps, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds or Bruises, Chilblains, Frost Bites, or with Strains, Cramps or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen.

RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

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Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named:

"False and True."
"Radway on Irritable Urethra."
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and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

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an entirely new article that BEATS THE WORLD; no dust, no dirt, no tiresome rubbing. Sample box sent post paid for 10 cents. To introduce this valuable article, we shall pack with every twelfth sample box ordered one set of six elegant coin-silver-plated teaspoons of the quality sold at retail for $1.75 per set, thus giving every one a chance to get up a club for twelve boxes among their neighbors, and send us $1.20 and obtain these elegant spoons free for their trouble; or, if you get up a club of six, and send us 60 cents, we will send an elegant coin-silver-plated butter knife of a quality that retails at stores for $1. Agents wanted, to whom we offer liberal inducements. Address all communications to HAYNES & CO., Manufacturers, City Mills, Norfolk Co., Mass.

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WHITE GLYCERINE Gives a Permanently BEAUTIFUL Complexion.

PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE penetrates the skin without injury, eradicates all spots, Impurities and Discolorations, either within or upon the skin, leaving it smooth, soft, pliable. For Sunburn, Prickly Heat, Chapped, Rough or Chafed Skin, it is the best thing in the world. TRY Pearl's White Glycerine Soap, 3 cakes by mail 50c. Pearl's White Glycerine Co. Prop's Jersey City, N. J. Sold by all Druggists.

ABOUT SPRINGS.

THERE are not a few springs whose history may be traced back thousands of years, and which have acquired celebrity from their association with events and personages of a far remote antiquity. Who has not heard of the fountain of Arethusa? This fountain is about six miles in the interior of the island of Ithaca the road ascending all the way. It is a small basin at the top of a ravine. Hither, it may be soberly believed, Homer the author of the Odyssey, if not the hero, Ulysses was a pilgrim, near three thousand years ago, and drank of the limpid spring at which now the goatherds of Ithaca quench their thirst. Who also has not heard of the fountain of Castalia, in which the Delphian Pythoness laved her limbs, and from which she, and the poets who versified her answers, were believed in part to derive their inspiration? The poetical expression, the "dew of Castalia," refers to a spray of the cascade which descends through a cleft of Parnassus, fed by the snows upon its summit; but the fount of inspiration, and bath used by the Pythia, is supposed to be a small shallow basin on the margin of the rill of the cascade, supplied with its own perennial stream, which unites its water with that of the adjacent stream. The spring is now dedicated to St. John; a pretty chapel bearing his name is by its side. One traveler speaks of the excessive coldness of the water, "I began," he says, "to wash my hands in it, but was instantly chilled, and seized with a tremor, which rendered me unable to stand or walk without support. This incident, when Apollo was dreaded, might have been embellished with a superstitious interpretation. Perhaps the Pythia, who bathed in this icy fluid, mistook her shivering for the god."

Some of the wells that occur in the wilderness of Arabia were halting places to the descendants of Jacob in their migration through it, and appear under the same character now as then, shaded by a few palms, often supplying blackish and bitter water, capable of being sweetened by artificial means, and claimed as valuable property by the parties having territorial right to the soil.

We have a song of the Israelites, of the relative kind, commemorating a spring, encountered soon after their emergence from the dry and thirsty desert.

"Spring up, O well! Answer ye to it!"

One party sung these words, and called upon another band to reply; and they replied—

"The well—the princes searched it out."

And the chorus was—

"The nobles of the people have digged it,
By decree; upon their own borders."

The Eleusinian women practiced a dance about a well, that was called Callichorus; the dance was also accompanied by songs in honor of Ceres; and these songs of the well are still sung in parts of Greece and Syria.

Some springs are ever-flowing, and answer to the expression of sacred poetry—the "fountains of living water." Of this nature the celebrated spring of St. Winifred, at Holywell, is one of the finest in the world. The quantity of water thrown up is estimated at eighty-four hogsheads, or twenty-one tons, in a minute. It has never been known to fail, but is subject to reduction during drought. The stream never freezes; and though its course is little more than a mile before it arrives at the sea, yet eleven mills are put in motion by it. The spring issues from the rock into a beautiful polygonial well, over which the Stanley family erected a chapel about the time of Henry VII. Upon the windows the chief events of St. Winifred's life are painted. The saint is reported to have been a virgin martyr who suffered upon this spot.

The Scriptural pool of Siloam is a reservoir of artificial construction, fifty-three feet long by eighteen broad, into which a small stream flows, and is led off to irrigate the gardens of fig and fruit trees that lie along the slope of the valley of Jehoshaphat. The stream enters the pool through a subterranean channel cut in the solid rock, and comes from the fountain of the Virgin, higher up in the valley. The irregular flow of the water is first distinctly mentioned by Jerome in one of his Commentaries, towards the close of the fourth century, who remarks:—"Siloam is a fountain at the foot of Mount Zion, whose waters do not flow regularly, but on certain days and hours, and issue with a great noise from hollows and caverns in the hardest rock."

GUITEAU could never sleep at proper hours, cursed with abnormal activity, his nerves were, always on the *qui vive*. Could he have had the soothing benefit of Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills his wretched brains would not have raged with improper fancies.

Facetiæ.

Played out—A retired actor.

Stands to reason—A debater who won't sit down.

Low-tied shoes are the best for sea-bathing-wear.

Why is Bridget like the letter E? Because she makes a pet of pat.

What is capital? Having more money than you know what to do with.

A city paper advertises: Wanted—An able-bodied man as washerwoman.

Some people are so lazy that they wait for a hurricane to come along and blow potatoes out of the hills.

Which of a wedding party is most like the wedding-cake? The bride's mamma, because she is so soon cut up.

Old ocean may be excused for "lashing himself to fury" occasionally, on the ground that he has been crossed a good many times.

"I'm sure," said a confiding old lady, "that my son never drinks anything at night, because he's always so thirsty in the morning."

"No one will grieve for me!" cried a St. Louis man, as he jumped into the river to his death. And yet the Coroner grieved because the body could not be found.

The rival of the ancient fame of the "singing mouse," the "industrious flea," the "whistling oyster," and the "learned pig," is evidently the "spelling-bee."

"And don't you forget it" is now fashionably rendered in Leadville, "And do not permit the impression to be obliterated from the cells of your recollection."

Of course all good Americans disapprove of the cruel sport of bull-fighting, so when they visit Spain they go to see all the fights, in order to express their emphatic disapproval.

An Irishman in a strange town stood looking at a vessel. "Where are you from, Pat?" asked a passer-by. "Begorra, sir, I'm from anywhere but here," he replied, "and I'll soon be from here, too, sir."

Professor, examining a student: "What is a virgin forest"? Student: "A forest where no one has ever been." Professor, severely: "Shall I never be able to induce you to express your ideas elegantly and classically? Why couldn't you say, 'A forest where the hand of man has never left its footprint?'"

"Mother has Recovered!"

wrote an Illinois girl to her Eastern relatives. "She took bitters for a long time, but without any good, so when she heard of the virtues of Kidney-Wort she got a box, and it has completely cured her, so that she can do as much work now as she could before we moved West. Since she has got well, everyone about here is taking it." See adv.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 450 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse-cars, stages, and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

NOTHING can ever give such entire satisfaction for toilet use as Pearl's White Glycerine, and Pearl's White Glycerine Soap.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

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THE ONLY MEDICINE

IS EITHER LIQUID OR DRY FORM

That Acts at the same time on

THE LIVER, THE BOWELS, AND THE KIDNEYS.

WHY ARE WE SICK?

Because we allow these great organs to become clogged or torpid, and poisonous humors are therefore forced into the blood that should be expelled naturally.

KIDNEY-WORT

WILL SURELY CURE

KIDNEY DISEASES,

LIVER COMPLAINTS,

PILES, CONSTIPATION, URINARY DISEASES, FEMALE WEAKNESSES, AND NERVOUS DISORDERS,

by causing free action of these organs and restoring their power to throw off disease.

Why suffer Bilious pains and aches?
Why tormented with Piles, Constipation?
Why frightened over disordered Kidneys?
Why endure nervous or sick headaches?

Use KIDNEY-WORT *and rejoice in health.*

It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form, in tin cans one package of which makes six quarts of medicine. Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated, for those that cannot readily prepare it.

☞It acts with equal efficiency in either form. GET IT OF YOUR DRUGGIST. PRICE, $1.00

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Woman can Sympathize with Woman.

Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

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VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

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Boned with a New Material,

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A REWARD OF $10

will be paid for every Corset in which the Coraline breaks with six months' ordinary wear. It is elastic, pliable, and very comfortable, and is not affected by cold, heat or moisture.

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Goods sent all over the U. S. by mail, and samples sent when requested.

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FUN FOR THE BOYS

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Agents wanted, $5 a Day made selling our NEW HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES and FAMILY SCALE. Weighs up to 25 lbs. Sells at $1.50. DOMESTIC SCALE CO., Cincinnati, O.

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AUTOMATIC ORGANS ONLY $35.00. THEO. J. HARBACH, 809 Filbert St., Phila., Pa.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

A NOVELTY in the season's lingerie is the marine fichu of embroidered muslin, cut in vandykes or round scollops. It has long ends in front, which are tied in a knot and then left to hang loosely. Vandyke collars and cuffs of Irish lace are also worn. There is also a fancy for wearing all black around the neck, and we see fichus of Spanish lace and capes made of rows of lace, with a black ruching at the top, and not a vestige of white about the neck. The capes are frequently heavily jetted, and are made also entirely of jet; they are worn with colored dresses as well as with black dresses.

With morning dresses, small linen collars are again worn, fastened at the neck with a scarf-pin. Tailor-made suits especially are worn with linen collars, as being more appropriate to the severity of the costume.

Linen collars of the Byron shape are also worn with morning and sea-side suits, and have a handkerchief or necktie to match the style of the collar.

The "Judy" collar is much worn with dresses high to the throat. It is made of a band of ribbon covered with a lace or embroidery insertion. Round the throat is a narrow but full ruche or tucker, and below is a deep frill, reaching nearly to the shoulders. This is only suitable, however, to very thin figures and long necks, which it conceals to perfection.

For high-necked dresses, standing collars are always covered with guipure or lace laid on flat, similar to that used for the trimming of the dress, which does not dispense with the inside pleating, or ruche, any more than the bottom of the sleeves, which are furnished with a broad cuff of lace or guipure. White or black lace, English or open-work embroidery, and imitation guipures, from the rich point de Venise to the modest Irish guipure, are most popular trimmings of all dresses.

A marquise costume of black merveilleux and Spanish lace has a deep pleating crenelated at the edge on a fine pleating of garnet surah and Spanish lace; the corsage of lace is lined with garnet surah, as also are the sleeves; this lace is dotted all over with jet, and carried round to the back, where they are lined with garnet surah and tied in large bows mingling with wide ends lined in the same way; the corsage has short crenelated basques, under which is added a fine pleating of surah, the sleeves have sabot parements, and the neck, open in V-shape, is adorned with a cluster of garnet roses.

A toilette of Pompadour sateen has a ground of Japanese green, the skirt is bordered with five pleatings six inches in width, each turned back, showing a frill of Bohemian guipure; the semi-fitting corsage is bordered with a turned-back pleating and guipure, and caught with a band of wide ribbon fastened with a large silver buckle at the waist. The sleeve of Duchesse form is bordered with wide guipure and with a wreath of small blue flowers.

Costumes for the seaside differ from those provided for the country, when intended to be worn in boating excursions and for yachting parties but for the esplanade and the sands we see some of the prettiest and most fanciful costumes possible, trimmed largely without thread lace; India voiles in chequers and stripes and of the brightest colors, ornamenting skirts of plain voile or surah. Polonaises of foulard or sateen worn over red serge skirts with red woolen sashes, and red straw hats to match. Among this embarras of picturesque beauty we saw a charming costume of ripe cherry-colored cretonne, covered with pink roses and trimmed with ecru lace in the most finished Regence style, while the short mantle was gathered and lined with pink cambric, and the immensely large cherry-colored straw hat trimmed with a wreath of pink roses and foliage.

Lace is employed in almost every possible way—in flounces, on sleeves, in coquilles, on the front of bodices, and for trimming plain morning collars, in which case it is gathered or pleated at the edges, and if the collar is an open one, then the lace is still further brought into requisition as a ruche to be placed inside.

Fewer sombre stuffs are seen, or rather they are little worn, save for accessories of the toilette, such as parasols, etc. Glace silks are now more fashionable.

The new hat will be laden with plumage almost to the exclusion of flowers. Ostrich tips, demi-long feathers, and the long plumes very much curled are the first choice.

The tips may be all of one tint, or shaded through several tones of one color, and will be made to surround the crown and curl outward from it on round hats, while on pokes they are massed in a cluster on one side.

The new shapes show an increased size and quaintness of design. Large poke bonnets with high tapering crowns form the bulk of the first importations of felt, beaver and plush bonnets; the round hats are also picturesque irregular shapes; there are, however, some small bonnets and small round hats shown, though these are not nearly so small as those worn last winter. For plain bonnets, felt, which was discarded last year, is revived especially for small bonnets that will be almost concealed by trimmings of plush and feathers.

In fancy cloth vetements for the cool days of autumn there are a number of new and pretty novelties. Among these are jackets of finely cheaked or streaked cloth, perfect in fit, made tailor fashion, and simply finished with several rows of machine stitching. Visites are also made of fancy cloth with deep sailor collar, hood or pelerine, and squre upon sleeves.

There are also very elegant pelisses, shirred over the shoulders, trimmed with quillings of blended lace and flowing bows of watered ribbon.

It is the fashion to cover the shoulders and back with mantles, hoods, fichus or pelerines of various styles and dimensions. To go out with no extra mantle is considered out of taste even where the dress is sufficiently warm to admit of it.

A style of fall hat which an up town milliner calls perfectly captivating, is in the Alsatian peasant shape, with peaked crown and graceful rolling brim. A hat in this style, held up before the admiring eyes of a group of young lady costumers, was made of black openwork satin braid, with a narrow bordering on the brim of tiny, fluffy ostrich tips powdered with fine cut jet beads.

On the left side of the crown was a bunch of black headed ostrich feathers, and on the right was an East Indian bird of scarlet and gold plumage, holding in its bill a spray of blackberries, which fell over the crown and mingled with the feathers on the opposite side.

Another hat of the same shape was made of white leghorn. On the outside of the brim were laid several rows of plaited Spanish lace. The hat was otherwise adorned with cream white feathers and a cluster of buff hollyhocks. The inside of the brim was faced with cranberry velvet.

Silk stockings must invariably match the toilet wherewith they are worn, unless the dress be black, when any shade of red is in good style. If the black dress is trimmed with gay colors or embroidered in flowers in their natural hues, black silk open-worked stockings are then appropriately worn. For general wear, stockings of pale silver gray, mauve, doe-color and deep cardinal, devoid of decoration, find just now a more ready market than the more fancy-colored, profusely-decorated styles.

In the matter of coiffure, the dressing of the hair still remains simple. The coils and braids at the back are small, and the dressing of the hair over the forehead is left to the taste of the wearer, as are also the equally fashionable modes of arranging the small coils of hair in the back, a la Greque, a la Japanese, or a la Bernhardt. This latter style is sometimes chosen by ladies when they have just about three minutes in which to "do up" their tresses, as one simple twist of the wrist is all that is necessary to produce a Bernhardt coiffure of the most approved design.

Fireside Chat.

CROSS-STITCH is now largely worked on velvet, with the assistance of canvas. Covers for gipsy tables look quite brilliant in garnet velvet, enhanced by mediæval designs in gay-colored silks, loosely worked to prevent the stitches sinking into the pile, and, on the contrary, to give them a raised aspect. The same style of work is adopted for the square, padded armchairs, on which all the crests and armorial bearings of the family are exhibited; on the right arm is wrought the coronet, and on the seat, but towards the left, is executed the lady's monogram and crest, whilst those of her husband figure on the back cushion, being arranged slantwise from right to left. Indeed, the introduction of the coronet has been quite a mania; lawfully or not, every devotee of fashion will have her initials encircled by a crown, whether the ornament be intended for decoration or only for linen marking. Speaking of marking, it must be noted that Princess chemises are now mostly marked on the left shoulder strap.

The cross-stitch vogue has induced artistic workers to revive some of the designs and coloring of old tapestries, and, though the cross-stitch has not the delicacy of the true tapestry stitch, there is a subdued quaintness about it, which pleases very much our æsthetic taste. Again, it accords well with the growing popularity for tapestry manufactures and paintings.

Some industrious ladies have even taken to the Gobelins stitch itself, in which they execute numerous small designs for panels, mats, &c. This far-famed tapestry is beginning to be used, as in olden times, for the wall decoration of banquet halls, concert rooms, &c.

Even slippers, too, have a tapestried air, with their dainty portraits of children and their romantic sceneries, such as a Spanish grandee playing the guitar under the balcony of his ladye love. In these cases the ground is in cross-stitch, while the shading is exquisitely managed by tent stitch.

Gold continues to be as popular as ever. There are bands for curtains and dresses in crimson diagonal, either enriched by flowing patterns or mediæval repeats inclosed in medallions. The designs are simply outlined with long crewel stitches of gold silk, but in a double row, to impart more fulness to the delineations. The regular metallic thread shines gorgeously on a black satin cover for a coffee table; its oval design, peculiarly adapted in the Japanese style, is entirely outlined by the gold, combined with other bright hues—blue, red, &c. Equally beautiful appears a three-fold Japanese screen. The black cashmere foundation is wholly covered by vases, from which gracefully spring above and below, feathery-like branches and flowers, wherein gold and red predominate among a host of Oriental shades; old gold satin lines the whole.

The valance of a small *etagere* displays a very chased adornment of daisies, conventionally treated. The centre flower, finely spread, has a heart of cloth of gold, honeycombed by gold silk, caught down by red stitches. Spaced knots, also in old gold, separate two circles or rims of red silk stitching; the corolla, in white satin, is divided into petals by white silk, and shaded by pink. From the sides expand branches with leaves in various tints of green satin, and very marked stalks of double gold twist. Fan-shaped pieces of the white satin simulate buds and half-blown blossoms; a fancy fringe completes the whole.

Arabesques of gold braid and embroidery elaborately adorn one of the new stuffed sofas in nasturtium-colored plush; outside each arm falls a tapered bag lined with yellow satin conveniently added for holding an odd scrap or two of the fancy work just in hand.

The necessity for expeditious work brings applique into great favor. A screen in green plush, is relieved by pink satin lilies and verdant leaves, the stamens of the flowers being white tipped with yellow.

Cushions are now made in a larger size than formerly, and always afford good scope for the display of needlework after the popular style. The sunflower—the idolized blossom of the embroideress—has a fine effect in mellowed tones of yellow and green on a pillow of deep green plush. Another plush cushion of a peacock-blue tint is beautified by a basket in gold thread, partly filled with twigs of strawberry blossoms nestling amidst their tender leaves; over the other side of the basket fell a small bough of fruit, as though borne down by its ruddy load and more matured foliage. From behind the strawberries what should peer out but the astonished face of pussy! The edges of this handsome cushion are scalloped and laced by gold cord, over puffings of yellow satin, blue and gold tassels dangling from the corners.

Poppies, "in their scarlet coats," though not new, are always cheery in needlework. Their rustic gaudiness suits well the surface of unbleached crash, and curtains with valances and shaped bands are still frequently adorned in this style, specially if intended for lofty rooms.

There seems to be a return of the old-fashioned wool mats—very durable and inexpensive. The three principal kinds are the moss, fluted, and dahlia.

Most appropriate for a nightdress sachet or the centre of a quilt is a shaded owl perched on a bough of acorns and oak leaves.

One of the prettiest devices for utilising De La Rue's satin chromos is to set them, for hand screens, in the oval aperture in the guise of medallions hanging from a festoon of flowers, very suggestive of a broad necklet.

Sketches of fables and plays are still appreciated for chair backs, &c.; so are the novel splash-boards. One represents four characters in "Patience." The important couple in the centre offer a great contrast in color; the lady with the fan is outlined by gold washing silk, whilst peacock-blue defines the gentleman who is watering a flower. The familiar lanky flower pots divide this pair on one side from the terra-cotta damsel holding the golden lily, and, on the other, from a figure in olive-green. The border—a pretty blending of sunflowers and daisies—is reproduced with crewels in the studies of the School of Art needlework.

The Russian-embroidered towels can evidently not be used for ordinary purposes, and are merely intended to be thrown, during the day-time, over the horse in order to conceal the ordinary towels. These fancy covers are generally made in crash, oatmeal, and workhouse sheeting, both white and ecru. The ends, as a rule, monopolise the trimming, though occasionally the centre is also powdered with pretty florettes. The newest style is a combination of cross-stitch and 2in. colored bands. Thus, a stitched band of old-gold sateen will lie between two mediæval designs in blue. A vandyke of long stitches heads the frayed-out fringe, over which fall knotted strands of the two colors, *i. e.* yellow and blue. In other instances, a single insertion of pink needlework separates two bands of cherry color. In precisely the same way may be blended the familiar blue and red.

BEADED gloves are fashionable.

Correspondence.

M. L. T., (Brenham, Tex.)—All the parties reside in New York City. Letters addressed simply to them there will reach them.

R. P. J., (White Plains, Ky.)—The firm of Wanamaker & Co., is perhaps the largest in its line in the United States, or even the world.

W. S., (Providence, R. I.)—To prevent the hair from falling out, bathe your head every day or two with a little brandy or water, but don't drink any of the former.

FLYAWAY D., (Lee, Ill.)—A poem is a composition in verse; blank verse is poetry, which does not rhyme, such as Milton's "Paradise Lost" or Shakespeare's plays.

QUERIST, (Pike, Ga.)—A square foot of water is simply a surface, and has no weight. You must mean a cubic foot, which weighs 62½ pounds. 2. There are books published that will give you full information on these subjects.

HOUSE, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—For tarnished silver nothing is so good as rouge and whiting; if the silver has been frosted, a silversmith alone can properly restore it by putting it in the furnace—but this will greatly alter it.

ENQUIRER, (Somerset, N. J.)—Sealing wax is not wax at all, nor does it contain a single particle of wax; it is made of shellac, Venice turpentine, and cinnabar. The latter gives it a deep red color, and the turpentine renders the shellac less brittle.

BROKEN, (Kershaw, S. C.)—He is a man of no principle; why waste a single regret or put yourself about in any way for such a person? Banish him from your thoughts, and be guided entirely by that which is likely to conduce most to your own personal interests.

J. A. M., (Sandy Level, Va.)—Send an addressed postal and we will give you the required address. It is against our rules to publish the address of business houses in this column. 2. We have had quite extensive dealings with them and have always found them reliable. The reason of the delay may be a pressure of orders. Still it would do no harm to write and make inquiries.

J. G., (Boulder, Col.)—We do not know the lady's address, and as you might have inferred, would not think it right to give it, if we did. Correspondence between strangers may be entirely harmless in many cases, but in all, the risk is too great to be balanced by any advantages, or pleasure it may bring. Such practices are wrong in principle and we are unable to see any reasons that can make them right.

H. W., (Little Rock, Ark.)—Of course there is not the slightest objection to a man marrying at the age of forty-five, or later, if he desires to do so. We were not seriously objecting to this. What we meant was, if a man delayed marriage till too late, it would be awkward for him to have his first experience of grown-up children in his old age. There is something in that. The middle course is the best. Marry neither too early nor too late in life.

FLUELLA, (Wabash, Ind.)—Some men's natures are cold and dismal; but snow will melt, and so, if you feel that you can really love the man, you had better make up your mind. There is nothing like having a will of your own, and sitting down to be contented and happy, and making the best out of a rough night, or a dull man, or a poor home. It all lies in yourself. Think it good, and it is good. "For there's nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so."

JAMES MORGAN, (W. Va.)—Manners are the shadows of virtues; the momentary display of those qualities which our fellow-creatures love and respect. If you strive to become what you strive to appear, you will have learned all that anyone can tell you about manners. A sneer is the weapon of the weak. Like other evil weapons, it is always cunningly ready to our hand, and there is more poison in the handle than in the point. It withers with its venomous stab, and festers with its subtle malignity. These are not the definitions you would find in a dictionary, but we flatter ourselves they will answer your purpose better.

AGNETTE, (Harrisburg, Pa.)—Morning calls may be divided under three heads. Those made before the hour of luncheon after you have been to dinner at a friend's house, weekly visits to intimate friends, and monthly visits which are generally ceremonious. Care must be taken, however, not to make the first too long: half an hour should be the utmost limit. The reason for this is that most families have their rules or occupations. In one the lady of the house attends to the education of her children: in another, domestic affairs engross a portion of the morning: some ladies are fond of music, others of painting. It is therefore past endurance to have such occupation broken in upon by mere idle gossip.

NASOLOGY, (Jackson, Mo.)—The composer you refer to was Mozart although great composers, like all great men, almost without exception, have had plenty of nose. Socrates' nose was a snub. Voltaire's was not very large, but it was peculiar and acute, like his genius. Napoleon, Wellington, with the eagle beak, Pitt, with his large snub, Fox, Cromwell, Washington, had all very fair "handles" to their faces. We know no method of remodelling a nose which does not suit its wearer's idea of beauty. No amount of pulling and squeezing will alter the shape. It is much more likely to bring on an affection resulting in far more objectionable deformity. Leave it alone. Better be content with the nose you have than try to improve it. It would seem like a pleasantry to say "Live it down;" but, seriously, do not let it trouble you. We have no belief in mechanical apparatus. Pressure of any kind may set up inflammation and do great harm.

J. S., (New York.)—"Writer's cramp, or palsy," is not a malady to be relieved, much less cured, by any slight remedy. It will probably require a long and able course of treatment. Place yourself under the care of a physician who has made a special study of diseases of the nervous system. Meanwhile relief has been found in learning to write with the other hand, or using the type-writing machine. If your medical attendant will permit it, make the attempt of learning to write with the left hand. It is not impossible, though difficult to accomplish this feat, and the effort will not only, if successful, give rest to a particular part of the brain and a certain set of nerves, but will, by altering the method of work, both mental and manual, perhaps set up a new set of sensory and motor relations which will improve the health. The first step must be to obtain the advice of an expert neurologist. This should on no account be deferred, as the matter may be very serious, and what is now supposed to be a malady prove to be only a symptom of deeper disease.